

The Freeman

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hardest is the cool way the French Premier has of talking about it. Replying to M. Briand, the other day, he said: "The political changes in Greece create a new situation which must be met and solved to our best interests. The situation will be discussed when we meet David Lloyd George, and in accord with him examine into the various questions created by recent events." For out-and-out, cold-pressed, oil-tempered, hand-hammered cheek, we think that statement takes the topmost persimmon. M. Leygues talks about Greece as though it were a farm that he and David Lloyd George had put a little idle money in, and were presently going to look over. But getting back to the point, does it not sometimes occur to the average newspaper-reader to wonder just where the League of Nations horns in among circumstances like these?

AGAIN the broad hint came from Europe via Geneva, that it would be ever such a nice thing if the United States would mediate in Armenia between Mustapha Kemal and the Armenians, such as are left of them, or take a mandate, maybe, to the tune of only some twenty million dollars and the exhilarating certainty of embroilment with the Soviet Government of Russia and the Turkish Nationalists. Then presently the Council of the League seems to have advertised for bids, getting out a circular letter which asked for some Power to volunteer. The last report is that Denmark has accepted, but we have our doubts. We have heard about Armenia before. Day after day the headlines had her passed around to this or that taker, but she somehow never seemed to stick. The headlines may now be right about Denmark, but we think not. The reason why we think not is that there are no natural resources in Armenia worth talking about, and the Powers are not noticeably in the mediation-business for their health. Newspaper-readers have no doubt remarked that there is no difficulty about getting a Power to mediate or take a mandate where there is a little oil, or something like that. The only trouble then, is to keep two or three of them from taking it at once; and that trouble is in some cases so acute just now that we do not see how it can be settled without a demd unpleasant row. For further particulars, see small bills and also Mr. Colby's recent note to the British Government.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, uncommonly handy at making a virtue of necessity, agreed to open trade with Russia if the Soviet Government would let up on propaganda in the British Isles and also in Asia. That arrangement squares him pretty well with his general public for yielding to the pressure of commercial interests which want the Russian market. Lenin has had so much laughing to do of late that his features must by this time have a permanent cast, as though he had undergone the operation *bucca fissa* which Victor Hugo describes so graphically; and this last experience will not relax them. He knows as well as anyone that the course of events will take care of his Asiatic propaganda for him as effectively as though he were doing it all himself.

BUT in this affair of Russia, Mr. Lloyd George certainly let down his political associates, Messrs. Colby and Leygues, pretty badly. For the latter there seemed nothing to do but come across, which he did dramatically on Thanksgiving Day, although this was only a coincidence because the French do not keep Thanksgiving Day, especially the French business interests. Thanksgiving Day

CURRENT COMMENT.

MURDERS and arsons, attributed to Sinn Fein, continue in Ireland. A great fire raged near the Liverpool docks; and this is attributed to Sinn Fein. Importation into England of American gunmen is reported, presumably at the instigation of Sinn Fein. The residence of the British Prime Minister has been walled off and the Houses of Parliament closed to the public, for fear of Sinn Fein. Our public can afford to regard these happenings judicially and require something more substantial than mere innuendo for the purpose of fixing responsibility. When the British Government produces evidence and produces the culprits, it will be time to form judgment; and it is important to notice that the British Government has never succeeded in doing this in a single instance, as far as this paper is aware. The American public at present does not know whether Sinn Fein, as a matter of deliberate policy, commits outrages against life and property, or not. The unprepossessed portion of it is quite as willing to believe that it does, as that it does not—upon the strength of evidence presented, and not otherwise. One thing it knows upon the absolutely conclusive evidence of experience; the Governments employ the *agent provocateur* under such circumstances as an indispensable part of their technique. Moreover, no one can possibly say how far the *agent provocateur* will go when he sets forth on his errand, or how far he is commanded to go. But what we wish to point out specifically is this—and for the reasons stated elsewhere in this issue, it may be the last word we shall ever say upon the British Government's policy in Ireland: that when all this story of outrage, murder, devastation and reprisal is ended, when it is finally reviewed and shelved, *the Irish question remains*.

THE Geneva conference of the League of Nations made pretty fair reading, possibly, for those who care for that sort of thing. What goes on outside the conference, however, gives one a great deal better idea of what the League is really worth. The Greek people play hob with the French and British plans against the Turkish nationalists by voting in King Constantine. The French and British Governments serve notice that the Greeks can not have him. Suppose they served notice on the United States that we could not have our fine old friend from Marion, Ohio!—eh, what? But the thing that strikes us

has a poor show over there. However, on that day M. Leygues threw the bars down and announced the opening of trade with the erstwhile-hated Bolsheviks. Thus, leaf by leaf, the roses fall. Meanwhile, our energetic brother Vanderlip, who seems to be something of a business-getter and no end of a thriving talker, comes home with his book lined and interlined with 'steen billion dollars worth of orders and half the superficial area of Siberia—maybe more—in his pocket, by way of concessions. This makes considerable trouble for the editorial-writers of our daily papers. Their mouths water, and they slaver a good deal as their heads bend over their copy-paper; and this interferes with their work and makes it sad and mournful to peruse. There is not half the pep in the New York *Times* for instance, that there used to be in the glad, good days when it freely went the distance in denouncing the bloody-minded band of cut-throats who were playing havoc with the land which his late Imperial Majesty, our gracious Ally, had left so fair. Where, too, are now all those lurid dispatches from Helsingfors that used to gladden us? Gone—gone, and even their fragrant memory is now rapidly becoming obliterated by the ashes of a dead and busted past.

SOME instinct tells us that the plebiscite in Upper Silesia will be voted by voters who vote right. Mr. Lloyd George and M. Leygues have been in conference about it, and have hit upon a rattling good plan. The vote will be taken on several days. Those whom the officials believe have lived some time in the province will vote on one day; those who have lived there a short time will vote on another day; and those who have lived there a still shorter time, on another day. Should the short-time residents swing the vote in favour of Germany their votes will be nullified. Why not transfer that scheme bodily to our Solid South? We could have a regular election-day and a jim-crow election-day, and unless the latter vote went right, it could be nullified. That would sort of kind of keep the Constitution alive and fragrant, and at the same time compass all the benefits accruing from our present system.

THEN there is that other plebiscite at Vilna, to settle the Polish-Lithuanian dispute. For some time we thought that this too would be settled right, because it was reported that the League of Nations had sent in to "super-vise" the plebiscite a batch of soldiers headed by a French colonel and looking, at this distance, as though they had been recruited by Sir John Falstaff. There were Spanish, Belgian, French and British companies, to be joined later, according to the League Council, by Danish, Dutch, Norwegian and Swedish companies. The Spanish contingent backed out; and we never heard whether the Scandinavian and Dutch brethren turned up or not; but we did not worry about that because we knew that if the French colonel were there, the election would be properly supervised—and effectively as well. What did worry us, however, was the news that as soon as the League had gotten all its arrangements made and was just stretching out for a much-needed rest, the Poles fell on the Lithuanians with fifteen divisions. The Lithuanians sent out a hurry-call to Geneva, demanding application of the blockade upon Poland, and also military pressure, as per Article XVI in such case made and provided; but how the League can manage to accommodate them with anything more impressive than another French colonel and a few well-chosen words, is not easy to see.

AND when they got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor Mesopotamian oil-syndicates permitted the British Government to withdraw its troops from Persia. Whereupon Lord Curzon meekly explained to the House of Lords that "the present situation in Persia was the aftermath of obligations from which Great Britain was slowly extricating herself. Persia had been involved in the great conflagration against her will." The reason for this right-about-face is to be found in the report that the extent of the oil-areas in Persia and Mesopotamia

has been grossly overestimated. So the "Indianizing" of the oil-areas in that land so coveted by the international syndicates that drove Europe into war, is off for the present. This paper has long been under the impression that something like this would be happening sooner or later. When the London *Times* resented the presence of General Sir John Cowans in Mesopotamia because that redoubtable military man was "the representative, at a very large salary, of certain oil-interests," that paper in an editorial said "an uncomfortable feeling prevails that various Government departments have been making promises to oil-interests—and other interests—which may incidentally involve the country in heavy responsibilities and untold expenditure. We trust that Ministers will state frankly what promises they have made. We trust also that the Government will lose no time in framing and in announcing—preferably in agreement with France—a sound and intelligible policy in regard to the Middle East."

THE news that Mr. Colby is about to set forth upon a sentimental journey to Brazil and Uruguay, will no doubt stir up a lively discussion of all-American affairs in the capitals to the south of us. Rates of exchange have created a situation unfavourable to the importation of goods from the United States into South America, and most favourable to the flow of imports from Europe. But since Mr. Colby can hardly adjust this matter by firing off salutes under the windows of the Latin presidents, it is probable that he will devote most of his time and space to a discussion of political affairs. He will talk a great deal, for instance, about the increasing cordiality of Pan-American relations; but he will say as little as possible about the Monroe Doctrine, and when he does push out a few well-chosen words on this subject, nobody will understand what he means. It is not necessary that they should, for according to the good old theory just re-stated by Senator Harding, the Monroe Doctrine is not an international pact or agreement, but a declaration of policy by the United States—and it's nobody else's business what this policy is. Some one may be impolite enough to ask Mr. Colby to define the precious old Doctrine, in which case there is a bare possibility that good results may follow. The last time America refused officially to define this creed [see Mr. Wilson's reply to Salvador], a movement for the formation of a new Central American union was immediately set on foot. If Mr. Colby gets into the same awkward position, and makes the same ungracious refusal, the new union may eventually be extended to include all the anti-Monroviens south of the Rio Grande.

A FEW years ago, when muck-raking was having a great vogue in this country, it was the fashion to rail at the "special interests"; but "now that it may be told," we must confess that we were always rather sceptical about this sort of talk. Most of the work of the world is done because people have special interests that prompt them to do it; and the work is done right, when these special interests coincide with general interests. This condition of affairs may be the work of the devil and his angels; but for all that, the humanitarians would get along much more comfortably, and more profitably too, if they would acknowledge that the condition exists, and would endeavour to take advantage of it, instead of so regularly obeying that impulse to plaster the world with appeals to altruism. We could point this moral with numerous illustrations, but a reference to the free-trade controversy ought to show just what we mean.

FREE trade between the United States and South Africa would, no doubt, be materially beneficial to the Hottentots; but that is not the first argument we should present to the crowd around the stove at Cobb's Corners, Iowa. Free trade would serve the individual interests of perhaps 99¾ per cent of all the people in this country; but we should hardly lay out to prove it, all at once. Free trade tends to promote production where natural advantages are greatest; it tends to increase and equalize the volume and value of exports and imports, and to furnish

cargoes out, and cargoes returning, for the ships that go and come on the sea—such ships, for instance, as those of the new American companies, which come back now every day from Europe with empty bottoms. The owners of these ships have a "special interest" in free trade; and they have a way of making themselves heard by the Government. If the new protectionist programme is blocked, it will be through the efforts of the shipping men, and of other people who know their own business, and in spite of the worst endeavours of the Republican congressmen who are supposed to represent the general interests of all the millions who stand to lose by protectionism. If the boys around the stove at Cobb's Corners want to get anything done, let them study the shipper's way and be wise.

LONDON holds out no hope at all of immediate relief from existing conditions of exchange in England and France. This is certainly discouraging news, and no matter how desirable it may be to cultivate an optimistic financial viewpoint, one finds it exceedingly difficult to be cheerful while exchange fluctuates, week in and week out, in such astonishing ways. It is said that Wall Street is at a loss to understand the movement of sterling exchange. Its wide fluctuations can not be attributed to any important domestic transactions, and big dealers here are doing nothing in the market that would cause them. The big dealers, so it is said, are "content to maintain a position of equilibrium until a definite trend be established." This may steady the market somewhat, and it may not. The fundamental fact is that not until Europe is rid of blockades and wars which are the cause of the enormous issues of paper and the consequent preposterous inflation, will it be possible to regain anything like a stability in finance.

It was a pleasure to note that the railways of New York State have been enjoined from raising intra-State fares at the behest of the Federal Interstate Commerce Commission. We are not so much interested in the fares as we are in the prospect of a little discussion of State rights. This used to be respectable doctrine in its day, and our notion is that if it were revived and energetically asserted in some half-dozen or more directions that we could designate, the country would soon assume a healthier aspect. We looked for something to be said about it when the Eighteenth Amendment was proclaimed, but were disappointed, although it is not yet too late. Mr. Jefferson was in favour of all the local self-government possible, and dreaded the tendency towards centralization, explicitly warning the country of what it would bring them; and now that the country has tamely permitted step after step of Federal encroachment, we can see that we have gotten just what he said we would get. We hope that the New York courts will stiffen their backs in support of the State Commission's ruling, and that if there be any way to prevent the matter's reaching the United States Supreme Court, they will find it; for if any doctrine of the State that Mr. Jefferson could possibly approve of ever reached those gentlemen, it would get short shrift.

In his current report to the trustees of Columbia University, President Butler laments the contrast between the material prosperity and the spiritual impoverishment of education in America. The subject is a large one, not to be illuminated by any brief comment of our own; and yet, with Dr. Butler's permission, we should like to invite special attention to certain passages of his, and to set out one diffident thought that these passages have given rise to. Bemoaning the fact that to-day the world is "without a poet, without a philosopher and without a notable religious leader" [must one subscribe without reservations to this verdict?], Dr. Butler says, "The great voices of the spirit are all stilled just now, while the mad passion for gain and for power endeavours to gratify itself through the odd device of destroying what has already been gained or accomplished." A little farther down

the line he adds this: "Throughout elementary school, high school and college, teachers are too often not teachers at all, but preachers or propagandists for some doctrine of their own liking. One would think that the business of teaching was sufficiently simple and sufficiently important to be kept unconfused with other forms of influence; but such has not been the case."

SUCH, indeed is never the case when, by some rare and wonderful good fortune a poet, a philosopher, or a notable religious leader happens to be also a teacher. To complain that preachers and propagandists occasionally make their way into scholastic circles is to lament the fact that there is sometimes made manifest in the universities one of the essential qualities of spiritual life; and this in itself is hardly an explanation of the spiritual aridity of our institutions of higher learning. Without broadcasting blame all over our American universities, we may say that they are not very hospitable toward teachers who are chock-full of ideas "of their own liking" and eagerly insistent upon making these ideas known. The criticism of such ideas, and the teaching of all the accepted standards of life and thought, has its place, of course; but when we build our university, we shall seek first for those propagandists and preachers whose privilege it is to fire the soul of Youth, in the faith that in due course, all other things will be added unto us.

CONUNDRUM: which is worse, to be a spy, conspirator, destroyer of food, planter of fire-bombs on an ocean-going ship; or to be a gentleman, kindly, generous, Christian, of unspotted and noble character, a Socialist and conscientiously opposed to war? Franz Rintelen has just been pardoned out of the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta by President Wilson; Eugene Debs remains in the same penitentiary. We knew that sooner or later the President of the United States would furnish to the world at large some convenient exhibit, some simple and easily-remembered formula, which would at once give his own measure, the measure of his Administration and the measure of our theory of government. He has now done so, and done it in a most effective, distinguished and really dramatic fashion.

BACK to the good old Puritan days of compulsory church-going, and compulsory wakefulness through dull, three-hour-sermons! The victorious thou-shalt-not-ers, having triumphed over John Barleycorn, are out hot-foot after all his little brothers and sisters. Anti-tobacco legislation and blue laws are boldly announced by the forces of vicarious righteousness as the next prohibitory measures through which we are to be legislated a little nearer heaven. There is to be no Sunday baseball, no Sunday movies, no Sunday excursions to the country, no Sunday trains or trolleys for any but church-goers. We shall doubtless be expected also to do our Sunday cooking on Saturday, as did those Mayflower ancestors of our best families, and content ourselves with eating cold food on the Sabbath. This sort of thing is very well, no doubt, for those who like it, but the zeal of these uplifters somehow reminds us of the very Puritan old lady, who, when reminded that Christ allowed His disciples to gather corn on the Sabbath, replied that she "never did think much of the Lord for letting them do it."

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

AN APPEAL TO BRITISH OPINION.

THE last few days, days of unexampled horror in Ireland, have made it abundantly clear that the British Government proposes to persist in its present Irish policy. The Dublin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, a paper whose standards are the farthest from sensationalism, summarizes this policy as one of "intense coercion, in which the house of almost every active Sinn Féin in the country has been searched, hundreds of men arrested and questioned, mails intercepted and examined, telephones tapped, and streets, railway-trains, motors, picture-houses, public-houses, schools, colleges, even churches, have been held up and the people searched." He observes further, that when there was an apparent decline in the number of Sinn Féin outrages, methods of terrorism far beyond the foregoing were practised in three or four active Sinn Féin counties. These were "flogging, wounding with shotguns, intimidation by threatening letters, intimidation by burning and wrecking of houses and crops or the killing of live-stock; in a few cases, one fears, actual murder." This summary was published in the issue of the *Guardian* for 4 November; and what has happened since then is well known.

There is now no doubt that these achievements marshal the British Government the way that it was going. It is carried on by momentum, it can not now stop itself even if it would; and unless the British public, as a public and not as represented in the House of Commons, intervenes to stop it, the end and the consequences of its policy will be what they will be. Mere appeal to the Government is now as useless as to a runaway horse; the direct intervention of foreign public opinion is now worse than useless, it is mischievous and aggravating. Until lately, it was perhaps reasonable to suppose that the British Government might give some decent heed to the execration which the people of this country, for example, most plentifully put upon its Irish policy. It was in that hope that this paper, among others, said what it had to say in condemnation of this infamy. Plainly, however, that hope can no longer be entertained, and for one, this paper will never utter another word of the kind.

It seems to us that this consideration—that the British Government is now helplessly caught in the diabolical mechanism of its own making—should be the one to determine the attitude of Americans henceforth. The *New Statesman* proposes, apparently as a kind of counsel of despair, that the United States should send over an army of newspaper-reporters to comb every county in Ireland. The American Committee of Investigation proposes, we hear, to send a loose-footed delegation to England for general results, as nearly as we can make out; at least, no satisfactorily definite purpose has been divulged. The first proposal seems to us mere idleness. The United States is already quite well informed about what is going on in Ireland; the Irish cause has abundant publicity here—

Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

—and as for a delegation like that contemplated by the Committee, we doubt, frankly, whether any influential men or body of men in England could be induced to receive it or to have anything to do with it. Upon this point the *New Statesman* itself, which openly covets the aid of American public opinion, gives an intimation which is too plain to be disregarded. The time has come for American friends of Irish independence to bottle up their emotions and sentimentalism, and resolutely cork them down. This paper has always

been so outspoken for Irish independence and against the policy of the British Government that it is peculiarly free to point out the devastating effect of zealous stupidity. It is time to restrain the itch for direct interference and to forgo the luxury of high moral judgment; it is time to become aware that only one power on earth can favourably affect the Irish policy of the present British Government, and that is the power of moderate opinion in Great Britain itself.

In approaching this power, moreover, it is highly becoming that foreign opinion should walk warily. It should be willing, as this paper is unreservedly willing, to put itself in the position of moderate British opinion. Ireland is no holiday topic in England, any more than it is here; and it does not require much imagination to picture a considerable number of the English as getting a bit testy under the hammering that their Government has already had from foreigners. Under these circumstances it is appropriate to say as Burke said of this same age-long question, "Sir, it is proper to inform you that our measures *must be healing*." Discussion and argument are not healing, much less recrimination and vehemence. Exhortation, meddling, the application of any kind of direct stimulus to decision, are not healing. These are not the thing; and if we may judge, moderate British opinion will be found immovable by any and all of them. One thing only can be done henceforth with either propriety or hopefulness. Moderate British opinion can be informed of the effect and consequences of the Irish policy upon this country and above all, of the utter helplessness of our people in the premises. This can be laid out objectively, without exaggeration or warmth, in the space of one or two paragraphs; and then moderate British opinion can be asked to put its own estimate upon it as a factor in the calculation whether strict and unsentimental self-interest points to a continuance of the present Irish policy.

We believe that moderate British opinion will accept this information even from a source which is as *ex parte* in point of sympathy as this paper. There is hardly a large city in this country that can elect a poundmaster, much less a mayor, without deference to "the Irish question." This question permeates our politics; it was, with one exception, perhaps the most powerful subterranean force operating upon our national election. It runs through our public-school system; causes strikes; animates street-meetings innumerable, vociferous and disorderly; adds vehemence to the vicious outpourings of the peculiar type of journalism that so largely afflicts us; impedes trade; starts riots. Its insistence secures extraordinary recognition; for example, the official reception and entertainment of Mr. de Valera by many municipalities, and the widespread official cognizance taken of the death of the Lord Mayor of Cork. The rights and wrongs of this may have been worth debate in their time, but are so no longer. The only point we ask moderate British opinion to consider is that these dislocations and distractions of our communal life do actually occur, that they are increasing in frequency and seriousness, and that we can not possibly help it. *We can not help it.* They are due to a cause which is as much out of the power of our people as the cause of the tides; and as long as that cause persists, so long will they go on.

Nor does anyone care two straws, in view of a larger interest, about the practical inconveniences to which we are thus subjected. They are a great nuisance; but any decent American who is more than half-witted would most cheerfully put up with the mere nuisance of them as a favour to the friendship of

the English people or of any people. The thing is cultivating, however, a vindictive and dangerous temper here; and again, we can not help it. This is the one fact upon which we would focus the attention of moderate British opinion; the fact of our utter helplessness. What can be done? Except to the eye of an impracticable and Draconian severity, there can be no blame going. The American Irish can not be blamed or reproved for their inflamed interest; nor, after the diligent play upon Belgium and the ideals of the war, which our people, to their sorrow, really took seriously, can the rest of us be blamed or reproved for some measure of sympathetic indignation. But without going into all that, the fact is that resentment here against the British Government has already been so far transferred against the British people—improperly and deplorably, it is true, but very really—that it is now stretched tight for any tune that our privileged interests and their bondmen, our politicians, choose to play upon it.

This tune, mark our words, will be the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Moderate British opinion can see this as clearly as we can, and it is a terrifying fact. Commercially, the United States now stands in the same relation to Great Britain that Germany occupied in 1909. Moreover, the British Government and ours are at loggerheads over loot, Mr. Colby's recent note being an important indication upon one, at least, of the issues at stake. There is no doubt therefore, unless the new social movements abort it, which is not likely, that we must live, and that the British people must live, under the unending threat of war; there is no doubt, for example, at this moment, of the implications of our monstrous naval programme. We must make up our minds to this prospect in any case. A war for trade or loot must, however, be animated by some hollow and fraudulent "moral purpose" in order to carry; and the feeling for Ireland now prevalent here would just neatly fill the bill of our politicians. Ireland would be far handier for the purpose than Belgium was in 1914, because an immense amount of feeling is already at hand; whereas the feeling for Belgium had to be worked up out of the whole cloth of ignorance. Few among us knew in 1914 whether Belgium was in the Basses-Pyrénées or the County Cavan, and like Marjorie's turkey, they "did not care a single dam." But a dismaying number of us know in 1920 where Ireland is, and care a great deal. This is the utter misfortune of our situation: the people are always sucked into the swirl of passions stirred up by the conduct of Governments, and in this case, it is the conduct of a Government which we can not control and can not influence, because it is not ours. Our people have just said what they thought of our own Government which for so long played a sedulous and obedient Friday to Mr. Lloyd George's Crusoe; but more than this, we can do nothing.

The case of Ireland is being dexterously used by our politicians to-day to keep us up to the mark of our abominable naval policy. It is significantly said on our streets to-day that "in the next war, there will be no need of conscription." If an English flag were to appear on the streets of our principal city to-day, no matter what the occasion, it would be mobbed. When the Briton of moderate opinion is making up his mind whether *for him* the present Irish policy of his Government is worth the price, we distinctly do not ask him to take those facts into practical account, for that would savour of a threat. We ask him to take into account our utter helplessness in the face of those facts; and that is a very different consideration, and one that is quite proper to present. We would

not add a leaf of cigarette-paper to the flame that is being blown by Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bottomley; such is not our way. We ask moderate British opinion to consider only that things have now come to the pass where no one in this country can do a single hand's turn to stop the rising exasperation at the treatment of Ireland, or to stop the inevitable transference of resentment against the British people. Perhaps we may be implying, if anyone chooses to take us in that rather summary way, that the good will of our people is purchasable; but it is only in the sense that all good will is purchasable in kind. The question again, however, is not of our people's good will; it is that the present Irish policy has put it out of our people's power to show in any practical and effective way, the good will they already have.

We believe that this consideration has never been presented to moderate British opinion, and we accordingly offer it with no intimation whatever but of sincere concern and distress. It is for British opinion, not for us, to say what importance self-interest should attach to it. If it meets with any acceptance, we shall be glad; if it passes unnoticed, we shall follow the only course consistent with our inveterate respect and admiration of the English people and our equally inveterate hatred of their Government's Irish policy, and henceforth remain silent about Ireland and Irish affairs.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

ALL discussion of the new international Chinese consortium has hitherto been conducted upon such a high moral plane, and the interests of China have been so long and so carefully considered, that one may hardly turn now without an apology to a minor phase of this laboured subject, the interests of America. If such a shift of emphasis gives evidence of a selfishness altogether out of keeping with the spirit of this missionary enterprise, any attempt to open up the matter still further by drawing distinctions between the interests of the individual promoters of the consortium, and those of the balance of the American citizenry, must be regarded as even more unseemly. To say that these promoters have put American interests above the interests of China, is to attribute to them a type of selfishness most easily condoned. But to assert that America can not profit by the high position here given her, is to intimate that our gentlemen-adventurers are serving no interests but their own; and this is indeed to assault the last trenches of their altruism.

Next to China and Japan, America is the party most concerned in the consortium-negotiations, but unlike China, America has been a party to these negotiations from the beginning. Indeed, it was a note from the State Department at Washington that began the conversations which culminated, after two years, in the agreement which is now coming into force.

Not only did the American Government take the initiative in this affair, but it appears likely that most of the financial operations under the consortium will be conducted by American financiers. Such a contingency is provided for in certain paragraphs of the agreement, officially summarized as follows:

Articles 3 and 4 provide for complete equality among the groups in all business undertaken by the Consortium, and reserve freedom to each group to decline to participate in any business which it does not desire to undertake.

Article 5 provides that, so far as possible, the parties to any operation shall not be jointly liable, each of the groups undertaking to liquidate its own engagements.

Under Articles 6 and 7, any group not desiring to make an issue in its own market may request the other groups to include its share in their own issue.

The extent to which the American banking-groups may be expected to take advantage of these conditions is indicated in the following statement by Mr. Thomas Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company, head of the American group, and the most prominent figure in the public transactions of the consortium:

Owing to the war [says Mr. Lamont], the British and French markets may be unable for some years to come to purchase any large amount of foreign securities, either of China or of any other nation. [Mr. Lamont might also have referred here to the panic in Japan, and the consequent inability of that country to make heavy loans abroad.] The American group, therefore, has by force of circumstances jumped from an inconspicuous position in the old consortium to one of prime importance in the new.

In this, America, as represented by the group, should be equipped to play a very important part. If so equipped, she will be able to envisage the situation so as to lay out, with her experienced partners, Great Britain, France and Japan, a sound and comprehensive plan for the economic and financial development of China. . . . Through her representatives at Peking, she will be able sympathetically to wield influence upon the present confused elements.

From the language of this statement, one gathers that Mr. Lamont does not take very seriously the provision in the official agreement for "complete equality among the groups in all business undertaken by the consortium." When read in connexion with the other provisions already quoted, this clause seems to provide only for an equality of opportunity for investment; not a very real equality, when only one of the Powers has funds to spare; and the provision that each group shall undertake to liquidate its own engagements would seem to indicate that control over China's assets, and consequently the power exercised in that country, is to be proportional to investment.

The "representatives" of whom Mr. Lamont expects such novel achievements can hardly be the members of our diplomatic corps, who have been carrying on their obscure affairs in China these many years. The classification seems to apply more accurately to the ambassadors of the American banking-group, of whom the first is to be Mr. Frederick W. Stevens, formerly of J. P. Morgan and Company.

In the paragraphs just quoted, no specific information is furnished as to what Mr. Stevens's duties will be, although one may infer that his attention will not be confined to matters of a non-political and routine nature. As the representative of the principal creditors of China, Mr. Stevens will probably be held responsible for such a political and financial rehabilitation of the country as is necessary to secure the safety of the American loans. Mr. Paul S. Reinsch, former United States Minister to China, gives a hint as to the extent of the control which this responsibility may involve, when he says:

The foreign lenders have a right to demand security for their investment. . . . The best security from every point of view is found in improved methods of revenue and *general administration*.

A dispatch from a Peking correspondent even asserts that the creditors of China can find safety only in a trusteeship which will provide for the foreign supervision of the collection and disbursement of all the revenues of the Government. This statement of the case is perhaps overdrawn; but even so, the duties of Mr. Stevens may turn out to be somewhat like those of a British Resident in India, with this minor distinction, that the Britisher is responsible to his Home Government, while Mr. Stevens is responsible to a group of private individuals who happen to have money to lend.

In sum, then, and in its simplest elements, the situation is substantially this: Against China's great need, there is opposed the consortium's great power. The

Chinese Government must have funds, but it can not furnish the ordinary security for repayment. The chief lenders, being in combination, are in a position to demand the most substantial guarantees. Only by a greater or less participation of the lenders in the sovereign control of China, can these guarantees be made really effective. The American banking-group is the only lender in a position to make large advances, and in the natural course of events this group will control the major share of this peculiar security. In the handling of this security—that is, in the exercise of a certain measure of control over the affairs of China—the American financiers will have the full support of their Government. To anyone who is inclined to question the full validity of this last statement, we recommend a reading of the note with which the State Department opened the consortium-negotiations. The following clauses are of particular interest:

An agreement has been reached between . . . [certain bankers] and the State Department which has the following salient features: . . .

Fifth. Assurances that, if the terms and conditions of the loan are accepted by this Government and by the Government to which the loan is made, . . . the American Government will be willing . . . *to take every possible step to ensure the execution of equitable contracts made in good faith by its citizens in foreign lands.* . . .

If the American holders of Mexican bonds had made their investments with the backing of such a promise as this; if they had banded themselves together, under the sanction of the State Department, for the purpose of maintaining at Mexico City a Resident whose business it was to "co-operate" with the Mexican authorities in keeping the country in a prosperous condition and ready to meet her obligations; if the Mexican Government had then chosen to take some measures which the foreign Resident considered unfavourable to the interests of his employers; or if the revolutionists had tumbled over the Government and the Resident together, where, in all probability, would the matter of intervention stand to-day? What is meant by the American Government's promise to take every possible step to ensure the execution of contracts, if it is not a promise to use force, when necessary for the maintenance of that partial American control of China which must be the only substantial security for American loans to China? How would one demonstrate to a Japanese patriot the difference between a dominant financial interest so supported, and an American protectorate? What answer would one make to the statement that England and France, secure in the possession of their old spheres, and in spite of the opposition of Japan, have given America what is left of China as her share of the spoils of the war?

But here again the names of nations do duty where the names of Governments and financial groups should stand. Substitute for metaphysical terms those which correspond with the facts, and new questions suggest themselves; this time for domestic application. Where, for instance, were the anti-Leaguers when the Government and the financiers pledged the country to this grand adventure in one of the most troublous regions on earth? Who will provide for an increase of American credit facilities, already far short of business needs, when more millions have been drawn off for use in this new imperialist enterprise? How can the proceeds of the Chinese loans be as widely distributed as the cost of armaments, and the risks of war that are involved? Whose consortium is this? Does it belong to the people who share its profits, or to the people who bear its risks? And if our friends of the latter class could once get their hands on this scheme, how long would it last?

CONSTRUCTIVE AND PRACTICAL.

OUR political practitioners and our friends of the liberal persuasion are all telling us that the country must now revert to the Constructive and the Practical. All criticism must be constructive and all proposals must be practical. It is a patriotic duty to frown upon everything that can not pass the test of the Constructive and the Practical. All this is very well, and this paper heartily agrees. But when we read the demands of our liberal friends, and then consider the kind of thing they put out to us under the name of the Constructive and the Practical, we are reminded of Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels." Who now reads this delightful work?—too few, the more's the pity! Parody may be a vile art, but it is an art, and Harte was our one first-rate artist in that line. Besides, he parodied styles that had enough substance and character to stand parody, and the modern parodist would be harder put to it to find such styles among his contemporaries than to do his parodies. Well, in his parody of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, called "The Dweller of the Threshold," Harte introduces this bit of dialogue between the Baronet and the bootblack:

But Sir Edward's boots were blacked, and he turned to depart. Placing his hand upon the clustering tendrils that surrounded the classic nob of the infant Italian, he said softly, like a strain of distant music:

'Boy, you have done well. Love the Good. Protect the Innocent. Provide for the Indigent. Respect the Philosopher. . . . Stay! Can you tell me what is the True, the Beautiful, the Innocent, the Virtuous?'

'They are things that commence with a capital letter,' said the Boy promptly.

'Enough! Respect everything that commences with a capital letter! Respect ME!' and dropping a half-penny in the hand of the Boy, he departed.

We wish we might quote the whole of Harte's parody, because nothing could be better for preparing one to entertain the disquisitions about the Constructive and the Practical which our liberal friends indulge in, especially such of them as have a sheep's eye continually and incorrigibly bent upon politics. The Constructive and the Practical, indeed, wherever found, mostly turn out to be things that commence with a capital letter. In other words, there is a deal of humbug, possibly unconscious, current about them, and about the demand for them. Sometimes they are invoked out of indolence, sometimes out of ignorance, sometimes out of tender-mindedness; sometimes out of an indisposition to pursue an idea to its logical length, and sometimes, again, out of a fear of trusting people at large with the full development of an idea. Hence the two terms have come to have rather an afflicting sound, as much so as they had to Socrates; one does not like to hear them. When Socrates was challenged for a constructive suggestion, he replied with one of the sayings of the Seven, *Know Thyself*. As matters stood in Athens just then, it was really the soundest and most constructive advice possible, but not at all the kind of thing he was expected to say. Again, when he was reproached for taking no part in practical politics, he said that in virtue of this very fact he regarded himself and his followers as the best practical politicians in all Athens. This too was true, but not what was wanted; its implications were, as Dickens's hero said "one of those things that simply will not bear thinking about." So finally the Athenians had to put to death their one pre-eminently constructive philosopher and practical politician, for no other reason than that he was too darned annoying to be let live any longer.

When a physician makes a right diagnosis of a patient's disease, he makes the one primary constructive suggestion upon which all others follow, for he gives the whole preliminary direction to the patient's treatment. His prescriptions depend upon his diagnosis; if he diagnoses small-pox, he does not prescribe for measles. Once aware of this general truth, one perceives at once that there is no great dearth of the really constructive and the truly practical. It is to be had almost anywhere, if one but knows it when one sees it. Let us consider some recent examples of constructive suggestion in the realm of art. When Mr. A. E. Thomas, the playwright, says that the problem of the theatre to-day is what his interviewer from the *New York Evening Post* calls the "real-estate problem," he gives the most sound and constructive suggestion that one could ask for. The primary reason why there can be no good art in our theatre is the need, as Mr. Thomas says, of "sufficient income so that the real estate on which the theatre stands shall pay for itself"; in other words, the private monopoly of economic rent. All one has to do is to take this suggestion of Mr. Thomas and think it through unaided—which anyone can do—and he will come out holding in his hand the future of American dramatic art. Mr. Thomas has not taken the trouble to do this, for he pleads for a subsidized theatre; and this is a prescription for measles, and not for small-pox. But if anyone asks in earnest, and not by way of mere evasion, for a constructive suggestion to set right the drama, liberate the playwright, producer, actor and *Gott sei gnädig* the public also, Mr. Thomas has made it in all conscience. Or, again, when Mr. Charles Harris Whitaker lays it down, as he did in a recent article in these pages, that there can be no such thing as housing, town-planning or proper art in urban architecture under private monopoly of economic rent, he makes a primary constructive suggestion that one has but to follow out in one's own imagination to appreciate. A very short devotion to this exercise will convince anyone that unless and until Mr. Whitaker's suggestion be acted upon, the town-planners and housing-experts who peddle at the æsthetics of the problem—calling themselves constructive—and our liberal friends who peddle at its economics—calling themselves practical—may save their breath.

This paper heartily wishes it might hear the last of all the feeble talk current about the Constructive and the Practical, those things which so notably and appropriately begin with a capital letter. Occasionally, however—though we thought that we were giving them in every issue—we ourselves are asked for a "constructive suggestion" or a "constructive proposal"; asked in apparent sincerity, so we will now in full sincerity, offer one that is so simple, so mechanical almost, that its character is beyond cavil. We offer it not only to such of our readers as may be under the glamour of the Constructive and the Practical, but also to such of our liberal friends as may glance at these pages. Here goes, then, for our sincerely practical proposal. The most pressing and immediate difficulties now confronting the country are in their nature economic, are they not? Very well; take out a pencil and an old envelope, and write down the following words: *wealth, capital, product, land, interest, rent, privilege, monopoly*. See, first, for how many you can supply the correct economic definition. Then look up their economic definitions and spend your leisure time for two full weeks in learning them, and then repeat them over and over to yourself, and apply them in every case whenever you see or hear one of these

economic terms mentioned—especially in the columns of the newspapers.

Only that. We believe, however, that if fifty thousand persons in the United States would thus occupy themselves for the next two weeks, we should have a new and better country within a year.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE WORLD.

V. AFOOT IN YELLOWSTONE.

VAGABONDAGE is an art, and tours are its works. From this viewpoint I have always regarded my trip through the Yellowstone Park as my own particular masterpiece. It was that because, with the most meagre materials, I was able to establish in my imagination the wonderful sights that I had long wished to see. They remain there now, associated with recollections of difficulty and a sense of slight humiliation. I am not sure that my technique was perfect.

I had no baggage and very little money when late one afternoon I left Cody, Wyoming, afoot, intending to tramp across the Absarokas and around the Yellowstone. In the toe of my shoe I stuffed a reserve of currency sufficient to pay for a ticket from Gardiner, at the north end of the park, to Butte, Montana, where I hoped to find work. The few dollars that remained had to tide me over two hundred and fifty miles of road.

In the moonlight, I tramped along the shores of the lake which has been made by the backwater of the great Shoshone dam. I asked some campers in a wagon where there was a ranchhouse, and they directed me up a canyon which they said was named Rattlesnake. When I reached the place, some dogs came out to bark their terrifying welcome and a voice from within the house shouted an inquiry about my business. I asked for somewhere to sleep and was told to go down the road till I found a cabin, and then turn in.

The rancher came early the next morning to introduce himself. He was a friendly chap, and told me something of his experiences. He had been a tramp for many years. After a long period of uncertain fortune he had won several hundred dollars from some Negroes in a blackjack game, in Florida. With this as his capital, he had come to the Rocky Mountains, bought a few horses, and started ranching. He was glad enough to swap stories about life on the road and invited me to tarry with him for a time, but I declined.

At noon I lunched with some automobilists who were picnicking under the shadow of the Thousand Foot Cliff. Late the same night, weary and muddy, I dragged into the Pahaska Tepee, Buffalo Bill's resort in the heart of the Rockies. The guests were all occupied at a card-party. A woman at one of the tables, who said that she was a sister of the famous scout, stopped playing to chat with me for a while, and I remember that I felt very grateful to her.

The next day I crossed the Sylvan Pass and went down to the Yellowstone Lake. There was an hotel near the head of the lake, but I did not dare to spend my slender funds so early in the journey, so when night came I crawled into the loft of a United States Army barn. The hay was all in bales, and I had to break the wires in order to make a bed. It was a bright clear night, and from a little way down the road I could hear the sounds of happy voices and dance music. The cracks in the loft were wide, and as night wore on a chill wind blew through them, so that I could not sleep. In one respect the width of the cracks was an advantage, for I could peer through them at the lake and the dark forest. That, in fact, is my most vivid and abiding impression of Yellowstone.

In the days that followed, I tramped around the big loop to the Canyon of the Yellowstone, stopping at both geyser basins. Sometimes I shared rations with some soldiers and found them willing enough to make me a guest. One night I arrived very late at a summer-camp resort. A kind girl, who said that she came from an eastern college, was on duty as clerk. I told her part of my story and she took me to the kitchen. Just as I was beginning to get well started on an unpaid-for repast footsteps were heard. The girl evidently was afraid of the manager, so to save her trouble I nimbly turned out the light, picked up what I could, and left by a side door.

From the Canyon of the Yellowstone I started northward over Mount Washburn. As I was nearing the summit I saw a herd of bighorn sheep. A coach was approaching along the road, and I hurried back to stop it lest the animals be frightened away. As a result some of the party were able to get some splendid photographs, and being decently grateful for my assistance they invited me to climb into the coach. But my heart was set on staying afoot, so I said no. The party stopped awhile at the summit and I hurried on ahead, taking

all the shortcuts. By a strenuous effort I reached a picnic ground near Tower Falls before the coaching-party got there. I built a fire, and was accepted as a guest when the picnickers arrived. Most of them seemed to be wealthy young folk, and they talked of Chicago and Cincinnati. They professed to be keenly interested in my travels. Presently one of the men took me aside and offered me a sum of money, which I proudly declined, assuring him that I expected very soon to make a good deal of money by writing of my adventures. (In five years I did not make as much as he offered me.) He asked me to visit him in Chicago and gave me his address. Months later I attempted to do that, but his interest seemed to have lapsed since that day in Yellowstone, and he did not keep the engagement that he made with me.

Some miles north of Tower Falls I stopped at a camp of soldiers where I struck up an acquaintance with a Swedish cook, who came from the Presidio and wanted to return there. I talked with him about San Francisco while eating milk and cookies, and he asked me to stop at the camp for a time and rest up. The commanding officer gave permission by telephone, on his solemn assurance that I was an old friend. This section of the park is little frequented by tourists, and a stranger affords a welcome element of novelty in the life.

While tramping to Swan Lake camp I attempted a shortcut and was lost for a time in a forest. Once I saw a brown bear lying in a berry patch down the mountain-side. I ventured to fling a stone at him. As it completed its arc it appeared certain to strike His Majesty in the ribs, so I moved on at an accelerated speed.

I was thoroughly weary when I reached Gardiner. There I purchased a ticket to Butte, Montana, after which I had a cash reserve of fifty cents. At Livingston I invested in a haircut and twenty cents worth of food. As I stood facing the unknown in Butte with five cents in my pocket, I began to suspect that I had been a bit foolish in spending all my money in seeing the sights. But the fact that I am still alive, and that I treasure my impressions of Yellowstone beyond almost all others, proves after all that I was not. And, as I have said, the brightest impression of those days and nights is that of a beautiful lake as seen by moonlight through a crack in a barn.

HARRY W. FRANTZ.

THE GUILD-IDEA ADVANCES.

THE guild-idea has now advanced in the building industry of England to a point where the Ministry of Health has approved contracts with two local guilds for the erection of eight hundred working-class homes. The building guilds of Manchester and London are thus so much an accomplished fact that their bids in the open market stood \$500 per house below those of private contractors—and that, despite the fact that their costs are fixed on a basis calculated to make it possible to pay workers a weekly salary even though the weather may not permit full-time work. With this practical beginning is born a new type of industrial organization differing fundamentally from the prevailing type of business enterprise in the impelling motive and in the status of the workman.

A guild, as exemplified in these two local bodies, is a corporate society of actual workers—technicians, manual workers, managers—voluntarily banded together to produce a certain commodity or render a certain service, in view of public need rather than private profit. It aims to reconcile self-government, a motive of public service, abolition of the pure wage-relationship, restoration of interest in work, complete publicity and the elimination of private profit.

It was in 1916 that Mr. Malcolm Sparkes, at that time a member of a London firm of building contractors, gave the initial practical impetus which has ended by giving substance to the hopes of guild theorists like Mr. S. G. Hobson, Mr. Orage and Mr. G. D. H. Cole. Mr. Sparkes conceived the idea of a Building Trades Parliament, a joint body of employers and representatives of building-trades unions, based on the view that the common interests of the industry "will be found to be wider and more fundamental than those which are opposed" and that

therefore it is on the basis of these common interests that the new industrial order should be raised. In 1918, after it had made a successful beginning, this Parliament received the report of its committee on "scientific management and costs," the so-called Foster report, which is without question the most formidable reconstruction-programme that any group of British employers has ever been asked seriously to consider. It laid the ills of the industry to four prime causes: fear of unemployment; disinclination of labour to make private profits; lack of labour's interest in the industry, due to absence of a share in control; and inefficiency of both managers and men. As basic remedies the report advocated a pooling of the industry's surplus profits, salaries based on ability, capital at market-rates, pay for slack times, and joint control of the industry.

These proposals threatened at first to disrupt the Building Trades Parliament but the report was finally re-committed and submitted again in August of this year; but the delay only made matters worse—or better. The original Foster report was modified in no important particular; but Mr. Sparkes who took a large part in its drafting, now brought forward an appendix in which the logical implications of his earlier thinking were made clear. In short, he recommended a building guild in which the employers, instead of participating as employers, should participate as the salaried managers of an association comprising all types of workers in the industry. So formidable was this revised report, and so strong the opposition to its findings, that its consideration was again postponed to the November meeting of the Parliament.

But the logic of events has proved stronger and speedier than that of arguments. The need for working-class homes in England is acute; neither private enterprise nor the Coalition Government has yet been able to build even a tiny fraction of the houses that are needed. Hence when the building-trades unions of Manchester, influenced by the educational propaganda for the guild-idea which has been carried on in England during the last ten years, began to organize a guild in January 1920, Mr. S. G. Hobson was called in to help. It was not, however, until after the organization of the London guild that either body was successful in getting building contracts signed.

The Ministry of Health, which must approve all home-building contracts, which it helps to finance, had first to be satisfied that the guilds were responsible. It was objected that the guild could not underwrite contracts with the usual cash deposit. The guilds might conceivably have borrowed the money, but they took the position that, especially at the outset when they were without financial resources, the pledge of their members to work was sufficient guarantee. Indeed, they felt that it was a better guarantee than the employer's cash, since the guild had the mobilized labour-power. It looked for a time as if disagreement on this point might be made the excuse for stalling the project indefinitely; but finally the insurance department of the Co-operative Wholesale Society came to the rescue by itself insuring the performance of the contracts in both cities.

The credit-problem was further simplified by the same Society's agreement to supply the building materials, and the Government's agreement to frequent cash settlements in part payment of the contracts, out of which the workers' salaries will be paid. The guilds believe that they are adhering to a cardinal principle in insisting that their mobilized labour-power be made the sole necessary basis and guarantee for the extension of credit; for although the Government would

not accept their guarantee, another working-class organization would, and did.

The movement which developed this spring into the organization of the Guild of Builders (London) Ltd. came about quite independently of the Manchester movement, and was due, in part at least, to the activity of Mr. Sparkes in behalf of the guild-idea. He had come to feel very strongly that the realization of an industry organized as "a great self-governing democracy of organized public service" could be attained only through a form of guild-organization. The structure which has been devised is a unique one, particularly when it is understood that the desire is to combine democracy with efficiency. Members of the existent building-trades unions of manual workers and prospective organized groups of executive workers, become *ipso facto* the electorate out of which the legally-accountable guildsmen are selected; although presumably only those members who have volunteered for guild-service will run for a position on the guild's committee. The legal entity which transacts the business is thus composed of members elected out of the organized groups of workers. Each of the local unions of the London district, and any other group of building-trades workers which may be approved by the Board of Directors, are to elect annually one member to a district guild committee. This committee is the legal corporate body, and has issued to each of its members one share of stock, with a nominal value of one shilling, but carrying no dividends.

The guild is authorized to carry on building, decorating and general contracting; to be merchant, manufacturer, transporter; and to carry on any necessary supplementary work, such as manufacturing wood-work. The whole of the membership of the guild shall constitute the Board of Directors and the management of the business of the guild shall be vested in the Board. Provision is also made for delegation of powers to special committees; but the active responsibility for selecting and discharging general superintendents will rest in the Board. "It is important," says a prospectus of the guild, "to notice here the difference between the guild practice and that of the self-governing workshops which have so often been set up without conspicuous success. The manager of a self-governing workshop is responsible to his own staff. The guild manager, however, is responsible, through the guild committee, not only to his own staff, but to the whole of the organized building-trade operatives in the District. This gives him security without weakening the full democratic control by the workers."

Further interesting provisions are: complete publicity of accounts; accurate cost-keeping methods as the basis for agreeing on prices with the Government; arranging work and costs so that it will eventually be possible for the worker to "draw guild pay in sickness or accident, in bad weather or good, at work or in reserve."

Naturally this project bristles with unsolved difficulties; yet despite its problems, the guild-idea has its own inherent momentum as a business proposition, and its inherent appeal as offering a psychological release to the desire for adventure, constructiveness and service. Twelve thousand workers are reported as already enrolled in the London Guild; guild committees are springing up in the smaller cities at a rate quite beyond immediate tabulation, and at least half a dozen cities are now negotiating contracts with them. Why not? The guild offers the bottom price. No profits, little or no capital charges, reasonable management-salaries, prompt delivery, *moral* and working

spirit unimpaired. Perhaps the greatest economy of all is to be measured by this difference between the working spirit of the man who has voluntarily joined a self-governing public service body and the one who has only a wage-relationship to a private employer.

Here is a game to be played, not alone by the "captains of industry" but by all. The status of the worker is a new one; it has dignity, a reasonable measure of security, and promise. The motive is appealing and generous. The purpose is the only one which can be simultaneously justified to all interests in the community. The guild aims, in short, to capitalize the best instincts and creative impulses of men. If the building-trades guilds are a success, they will be but the beginning of a type of industrial organization which will gain rapidly in power because of the soundness of its psychological appeal and its economic productivity.

ORDWAY TEAD.

FRANCE IN DISILLUSION.

THE problem that faces French statesmanship to-day may be briefly outlined thus: Before the war the national debt amounted to about 7,000 million dollars, taking the dollar at par; to-day it reaches more than 45,000 millions. Before the war the national expenditure totalled 1,000 million dollars and was more than covered by the national receipts. In the current year the expenditure is estimated at 9,600 millions and receipts at 3,700 millions. Even subtracting 4,000 million as expenditure ultimately recoverable from Germany, a considerable deficit remains. At the same time France is buying abroad (with the franc at fifteen to the dollar and over fifty to the pound sterling) more than three times as much as she is selling. Moreover, there is a huge mass of currency afloat at home, approaching the figure of 8,000 millions, always considering the dollar at par. Even apart from the advances to be made on the German indemnity account, the French Minister of Finance, in order to meet the 1921 expenditure out of receipts, will almost certainly have to count as revenue the proceeds of the sale of American army stocks bought last year on a five years' credit.

Debt, devastation, inflation, and administrative extravagance on the one side, have their remedies in taxation, retrenchment, deflation and reconstruction on the other. With this programme, though as little as possible was said about taxation, the new *Bloc National*, headed by M. Millerand, came into power at the beginning of the present year. In its serried ranks marched a motley variety of politicians, ranging from the avowed supporters of monarchy to radicals and independent socialists. Two slogans, however, united this strange company. One was: Down with the bolsheviks! The other was: Make the enemy pay! These cries were good enough to win seats in the Chamber. But once elected, these gentlemen soon discovered that they could not run the country, except into bankruptcy, merely by howling down the socialists and by vociferously calling on the Germans to pay up. Some way had to be found of preventing the national treasury from running dry; so very reluctantly and after long delay they agreed upon a series of taxes which were calculated to double the national income. Even then it was plain that the national income would not cover the national expenditure. But here at least was a beginning, here at least was evidence of good intentions.

Until the passing of that budget, the people of France had not generally realized that their financial plight was so serious. Even though the new taxation

spared the farming-class—because that class (which includes more than half the total population of France) was mainly responsible for returning the *Bloc* to power—even though the capitalists were cheered by the removal of the excess-profits tax; even though nobody really believed that the income-tax with its largely increased rates would be collected (for the reason that ever since its introduction as a war-measure, it never has been collected) despite these exemptions, the increases in railway tariffs, postage and telegraphic rates, the prices of amusements, tobacco and matches, and the threat of a mysterious levy on all business turn-overs, which the experts declared would result in the consumer paying more for everything he consumed, were sufficient to rouse uneasy feelings in the hearts of everybody. To soften the blow as much as possible, M. Millerand and his colleagues were at great pains to keep well to the fore the promise of payments by the enemy. This was the more easily done because the only people who dared yet to contemplate the Germans as friendly neighbours were the workers, and the cause of the proletariat had just suffered a nasty shock in the abortive general strike which had resulted to the great discredit of organized labour and socialism alike. So once again the transparent fiction of a great indemnity was used for all that it was worth, and more.

But who in France believes that the German indemnity ever will be paid? Bankers and big-business people will tell you that they do not. Ministers in the Government and all official people will tell you, officially, that they do. The people in general do not dare to express an opinion either way. Even to admit that not until many years have passed will Germany be able to pay even a portion of the money that is needed to restore the devastated regions (money that has already been advanced in large part out of the French Treasury) involves such serious consequences as to fill the most incorrigible optimist with despair; and so the indemnity illusion is kept up, with the inevitable result of a policy of isolation and reaction, and perpetual friction between France and her former allies.

Had the treaty-makers of Versailles deliberately desired it, they could not have devised a better way for keeping open the wounds of Europe. The method they adopted is quite a simple one. First make your debtor a bankrupt, and then obtain an order from the court that he shall pay you every year for the next fifty years an indefinite amount to be fixed at your own discretion. Then when the fifty years are up, you may, perhaps, expect to see your one-time debtor get to work in real earnest and re-establish himself.

But certainly this illusion about a vast indemnity can not last for ever. Some day it will collapse, and with it will go the whole financial and political policy which is founded upon it. But that day has not yet arrived. It may, indeed, be far away if the purpose of the French Government is to maintain a permanent hold on the Rhine, as security and compensation for the inevitable default of their late enemy. That, no doubt, would be a French repetition of the German blunder of Alsace-Lorraine—or worse. But that is another story. What concerns France and the friends of France now, is the blunder of her Government in persisting in a vain attempt to draw money from a bankrupt Germany.

It is a tragedy for France, that the year of victory, 1918, found her without great leadership. There was, at Versailles, no Frenchman of vision and authority like Gambetta in the year of defeat 1871. And now M. Clemenceau, with his doctrine of revenge, has

given place to M. Millerand, a capable statesman enough but lacking inspiration, other than that called Nationalist. Whatever faith the French people may have placed in the League of Nations vanished when they realized that the United States would not join in. Whatever remained of French friendship for the Western allies disappeared when it became apparent that the Anglo-American guarantee of help against any future attack by Germany was no better than a scrap of paper. France, seeing herself isolated, lost no time in returning to her old policies. Among the politicians of the *Bloc* there was none to suggest any better way than that of the old diplomacy, and the old doctrine of preparedness for war. The Socialists could not suggest a better road, for they were torn by dissension and by the conflicting leadership of petty professors, journalists and doctrinaires. Organized labour, too, was divided and confused, and irreconcilably opposed to any co-operation with the Socialists. Thus both from within and without the Fates conspired to produce in France a revival of nationalism and reaction.

Exhausted by her long struggle, anxious only to reap the fruits of victory, abandoned by her former allies who had come to Paris with such glowing words about making a new world, France fell an easy prey to the politicians who, posing as patriots, had no other creed than that the enemy must be made to pay. These are the men who are in control, and it is they who have managed to re-establish in the popular mind the fear of the perpetual menace of Germany.

And now France sees another menace looming on the horizon, in the shape of the Soviet Republic. The problem of French diplomacy to-day is how to turn this menace that Russia is, into the safeguard that Russia was. The possible union of these two menaces, the German and the Russian, is the terror of French statesmen. For this reason Poland has been made the cat's paw of France against the Soviets, and Hungary encouraged in her designs on the territory of her neighbours, and Wrangel and his schemes openly supported. Thus, in great part, have arisen all the troubles that to-day are preventing the peoples of Europe from getting back to work.

But fortunately this is the hour, not of the diplomats but of the economists, not of the militarists but of the financiers. Thus while President Millerand and Marshal Foch are scheming out ways and means for overthrowing the Bolsheviki and for keeping Germany in servitude, M. Francois-Marsal comes with outstretched hands to Wall street to beg for money to save France from the necessity of repudiating her debts. Then, since lords of finance are to pay the piper, let them therefore call the tune. Finance is to all intents and purposes the United States. This is the one nation which alone has money to lend. If it wished to do so it could make its help conditional on the money being used only for the purposes of peace and reconstruction. After all, why should America with her money enable France to continue the military occupation of the Reichsland and make endless war, directly and indirectly, on the Soviet Republic? Why should America continue to finance the discordant States of Europe and so enable them to arm against each other, even more senselessly and more desperately than they did before the war? Before they give any further aid, American financiers should insist that, first of all, the nations of Europe shall come together in an honest attempt to work out their own salvation. Half of them are already on the verge of bankruptcy and all of them are deep in debt to America. American suggestion is all-powerful to-day because the need of American money is so urgent.

In these circumstances, it is idle to talk of the United States withdrawing from the affairs of Europe. The financial relationship is too close, too intricate, to permit of such a policy. But America's help, instead of being on the side of the militarists and the reactionaries, might be on the side of those who are working for peace and reconstruction. Through her control of the purse-strings, America might even yet check the reactionaries who are to-day all-powerful in France and elsewhere in Europe—a state of affairs for which America herself is largely to blame. Henceforth let American financiers refuse to help those who are striving for a revival of the old Europe, and let them help, and generously help, those who are seeking to establish a new and better order. Such a policy has the merit of being good sense and good business too.

C. R. HARGROVE.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY IN 1840.

PETERSBURG, Virginia, May, 1840. Imagine Mr. John Parsons, twenty-three years old, dressed in a "frock coat of brown, with high-rolling velvet collar, and vest of light buff, with striped pantaloons," a young man of winning ways, of humorous, sentimental eyes, of profuse and waving brown hair—in brief, a captivating young man. His mother has spotted his velvet collar with her tears, his father, like Robinson Crusoe's, has given him "serious and excellent counsel," and he is about to undertake a journey to "the Western country," in fact, to that remote and perilous region known as Indiana. Next strive to picture Miss Caroline Hunter, who has been attending the Female Seminary of Mrs. Lincoln Phelps at Ellicott's Mills, Maryland. Miss Hunter is leaving school, and with it a circle of weeping companions, "alternately wiping their eyes and waving their hands," as she boards the very train and car on which Mr. Parsons, having passed safely from Petersburg to Washington, and from Washington to Baltimore, is a passenger.

At Frederick, Maryland, our young traveller finds it both necessary and pleasant to change to "one of the most beautiful coaches of the famous 'Good Intent' Line." Scarcely is he seated when, as he later notes in his diary,¹ "a second passenger arrived and took her place in the opposite corner of the rear seat," a young female instantly recognized "by her mantle, a long circular cloak of rich brown satin, embellished with black velvet, as the pupil of Mrs. Phelps's who had taken the train at Ellicott's Mills." "She, too," he is glad to observe,

was evidently westward bound. Her leghorn bonnet, encircled by an elegant plume, shaded her face, and her jetty eyelashes veiled her dark eyes, of whose melting lustre I caught the most fleeting glimpse, and lay upon her cheek, now mantling with the blush of modesty at the sight of the stranger with whom she must perforce sit alone.

In a tavern not far from Wheeling Mr. Parsons has a stroke of good luck. The young female, as he respectfully calls her, drops "a small volume she had been perusing." As he picks it up he reads the title, "The Flower Vase, Containing the Language of Flowers and Their Poetic Sentiments," and below, in delicate chirography, "To Caroline from Lucy." Her name, then, is Caroline. But her thanks are almost inaudible, and he is left to the conversation of the Hon. Robert P. Letcher, soon to be Governor of Kentucky. Later he is in doubt whether to follow the overland route to the Wabash country or go down the Ohio on a steamboat. The fair Caroline chooses the

¹ "A Tour through Indiana in 1840. The Diary of John Parsons of Petersburg, Virginia." Edited by Kate Milner Rabb. New York: Robert M. McBride Co.

steamboat. "Suppose," our diarist eagerly asks himself, "suppose the boat should blow up, suppose I were given the chance to play the rescuer, suppose—, 'I think I shall take the river route,' said I quietly."

At Wheeling Mr. Parsons's quick eye discerns his old friend and classmate, Thomas Buford, hurrying down to catch the departing boat. Mrs. Buford, "a pretty creature of about 17, of a figure full, yet delicate," is none other than Miss Caroline Hunter's cousin. At last our enchanted Virginian is duly presented, and makes the most of his opportunity. "Her nose," he remarks, ecstatically, "is the finest feature of her face, which is very rare. Her face is one of those which require studying. When excited in conversation she is very interesting, her deep blue eyes have depths that—but enough of this—I am not in love yet!" The reader has his doubts. If Mr. Parsons is not yet snared he soon will be. They pass by Blennerhassett's famous and melancholy isle.

Miss Hunter had laid aside her bonnet, and sat by the rail, her head propped on her hand, her eyes fixed on the island, fast disappearing from view. The moon's rays revealed her rare features, pale as though cut in marble. I noted a tear glistening on her fair cheek—exquisite sensibility in one so young!

Are the transports of first love capable of such repression? Let us see. At Cincinnati our hero confesses himself somewhat vexed, because of "a young man of somewhat pompous manner and a good deal of commercial knowledge," who would have pushed his way to Miss Caroline's side in Shire's Theatre, "had Mrs. Buford not cleverly intervened, leaving the way open to me." Mr. Parsons thereupon sits beside Miss Caroline and in comparison finds "Tortosa the Usurer" of only "moderate interest."

"A mental daguerreotype," said the shy Miss Caroline, blushing as she spoke." The journey has been resumed, and Mrs. Buford, whose bright eyes see all that is to be seen, insists that Mr. Parsons "must write in our albums." Caroline's album is entitled "Affection's Gift." "If this was to be my mental daguerreotype"—so thinks Mr. Parsons, who occasionally "poetizes" under stress of emotion—"if this was to be my mental image, what should I reveal? Slowly I dipped quill into ink and wrote:

Constancy
(to Miss Hunter)

As to the distant moon,
The sea for ever yearns,
As to the polar star,
The earth for ever turns:

So does my constant heart
Beat, but for thee alone,
And o'er its far-off heaven of dreams
Thine image high enthroned.

But, ah! the moon and sea,
The earth and star meet never;
And space as deep and dark and wide
Divideth us for ever.

I managed to put the book into her hands when she was alone. 'One promise I exact,' I said, 'that you do not read my lines until I have left the boat at Vevey. You will?' 'I promise,' she said, almost inaudibly, and, blushing deeply, slipped away toward her stateroom. Our parting was commonplace enough, taking place as it did in broad daylight, on deck, in the midst of the crowd. . . . Miss Hunter said nothing. Her little hand quivered as I held it in mine for a moment, but I could not see her eyes for the long lashes resting on her cheek. New Albany! I shall visit that town!

Mr. Parsons now settles down to business, which is to inspect the Western country with a view to setting himself up there as a lawyer. He still has an eye for

young ladies, although he tells himself that "since meeting one all others, how'er fair, seem insipid." Possibly he finds even Robert Dale Owen, the famous communist, with whom he rides from Brookville to Centerville, somewhat insipid in comparison with Miss Hunter; possibly also Henry Ward Beecher, a popular clergyman whom he meets at Indianapolis; possibly he finds this whole Western country something like salt that has lost its savour. At Richmond, Indiana, in Mr. D. P. Holloway's book-store, he runs across a little volume entitled, "The Language of Flowers"; memory carries him back "to the day in the inn when I had once restored a similar volume to its fair owner," and he buys it.

'Tis not beneath a man, is it, to learn a language in which the fair sex is so proficient? Suppose he is a faint heart, and fears to put into words the sentiment he feels for the fair one, what more fitting than that he lay at her feet a nosegay whose lily, rose, and forget-me-not will breathe in perfumed accents his undying love and devotion—his prayer that she be his?

Now appears Miss Cotton, who, Quaker maiden though she be, has eyes of "a most beautiful dark blue, with eyelashes brown to match the heavy bands of hair of which I caught a glimpse under the prim bonnet." Her voice is "as soft and low and sweet as her eyes promised it should be." Nor must we forget Miss Elizabeth Browning of Indianapolis, "one of the most beautiful females I have ever seen," in whose honour "I had put on my best blue broadcloth, with the plated gold buttons, a buff vest and a high hat."

I asked her, as she lingered on the portico, for a flower she had plucked in the garden and still held in her slender fingers. She gave it to me, blushing but laughing, too, at my melancholy face. 'If 'twill but make you smile, sir,' she said, 'Be not so melancholy. No one is dead, nor likely to be, and you will find it just as merry, I'll venture to say, the next place you go.' Her light laugh followed me up the stairway.

Next there is Miss Julia, delightful denizen of Lafayette, who touches his own heart-strings with Felicia Hemans's "Stranger's Heart"; it is Miss Julia's presence which causes him to hate "a pert young coxcomb in blue broadcloth and white beaver hat, by name Jones, who monopolized the conversation and had the impertinence at the gate to ask for one of the pink roses from her garland." And—O fickle Mr. Parsons!—he too received a pink rose which, he dared to record, "even now reposes over my heart." And Julia's image he carried at least as far as Terre Haute, for there he writes: "Ah, well, were it not for the thought of Julia I might have been a readier victim, for the spot is one to be dedicated to love on a summer eve," this apropos of another young "damsel, whose face, though pretty, is lacking in intellectuality."

But at Vincennes a guitar in the hands of "a lovely young female . . . a blonde of the most delicate description, the seeming embodiment of all most exquisitely ethereal and spiritual, endowed with the voice of an angel," brought Miss Caroline back to memory.

Again I was sitting on the deck of the steamboat, gliding down the Beautiful River, again the moon was shining down upon the lovely face, the deep blue eyes of Miss Caroline Hunter. Had I so soon forgotten her? Would I ever forget her? . . . Caroline. Of a sudden I forgot the music and the summer eve, I forgot my companions, and starting up in feverish haste, most ungallantly declared that the hour was late, and that I must seek my inn, since in the morning I was to take the stage early for my journey's end!

At New Albany there is no Miss Caroline to be seen, and it is not until he visits his friends the Bufords

in Jeffersonville that he learns at last—for his “stubborn tongue has refused to ask the question”—where to find his journey’s end. “Miss Caroline,” the black girl tells him, “done gone to the summer house with her work.” His study of the language of flowers now stands him in good stead.

Slowly I went down the gravelled path, gazing at the bordering plants, wondering what I should say first. Then, of a sudden, a thought—and hurriedly I stooped and plucked the flowers, making my selection most carefully. touch-me-not, bluebell, columbine, heliotrope, honeysuckle, myrtle, pansy and rosebud—a most creditable nosegay. The summer house, vine-covered, faced the river, and there, seated in a low chair, her needlework fallen on her lap, the shining bands of her hair drooping over her flushed cheek, sat the lovely Caroline, her deep blue eyes full of dreams. . . . I pressed the nosegay into her hands. ‘Read, read,’ I murmured. And reading, she turned those glorious eyes upon me, then let the jetty lashes sweep her blushing cheek.

Journeys end in lovers’ meeting,
Every wise man’s son doth know.

Here the editor of this antique diary takes up the story where the diarist dropped it so many years ago. “No one is dead, or likely to be,” the lovely Miss Browning had declared, but alas, Mr. John Parsons, for all his love of life and love of woman, was nearing the end of his adventures. At Oxford, Ohio, on his way home, “he suddenly sickened and died, whether from some epidemic disease or from some physical weakness aggravated by the hardships of his long journey is not known.”

Down falls the curtain on John Parsons. Down falls the curtain on the shy, the adorable, the lovely Caroline, lest we see her cheeks less rosy and her eyes empty of dreams. The Western country, indifferent to this minor tragedy, loves, marries, bears children, speculates, builds highways and railroads, waxes great without John Parsons’s help. Yet had he lived I think we should have heard of him.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

REFLECTIONS AND CONJECTURES.

IN all periods there have been wrongs to be righted, injustice, poverty, distress, ignorance, disease; and not less in the periods when art has flourished than in others. When one regards the artist against this background of grim struggle he must always appear a gifted child, a trifier, not altogether responsible for himself. The tolerance of the man of affairs for him is amazing and creditable, seeing that all artists fiddle while Rome burns, and that Rome is always burning. This tolerance is really a sort of superstition, but a salutary one, since it is ultimately wiser than the worldly wisdom of the man of affairs. For the artists, the triflers, ultimately create a culture; while all that the men of action do, as a rule, is to make a noise, to shake the world to pieces, but at last to put all the fragments back where they were before. A dim realization of this is probably present in their unwilling respect for the artist.

IN all works of art which satisfy there must be something dissatisfying; in all those which dissatisfy there must be something satisfying; otherwise men would not eternally return to them.

WRITERS who stimulate, who incite to thought, are of three classes. Of the lowest are those who give a paradoxical turn to a platitude: these are valuable, for they make the platitude live. Restated by them, it surprises us, and surprise is a sign of vitality: if a thought takes us unawares, we immediately begin to think about it. The second class contains those writers who say more than they know they are saying. These are more salutary still, for they incite us to complete what they have imperfectly said, and to make their thought our own.

Finally there are those who say only a fraction of what is in their minds. These are the most valuable of all; they give us the starting-point of a whole philosophy and leave us to create it for ourselves. To the first class belong Wilde and Mr. Chesterton; to the second Blake and Nietzsche; to the last, Heraclitus and Pascal. The writer, however, who says all he intends to say, and says it simply and completely, does not encourage us to think creatively. We follow him as far as he goes, but we do not go beyond him.

THERE is a mystery of stupidity as well as a mystery of genius. The philosopher is an enigma to the average man, but not a greater one than the average man is to the philosopher. Stupidity and genius are equally wonderful to each other. The artist experiences almost as much trouble when he tries to portray the one as the other.

THE man who is sure of his own superiority, so that this certainty has become a second nature, loses the vanity which we all impute to superior persons. This superiority has to him become so self-evident that he never thinks of expressing it; and he regards everything not as lower than himself, but simply as interesting. To insist on one’s superiority, to express it in any way whatsoever, is to betray a doubt of it which can only be stilled by expression. The ideal critic would be a man really gifted who was certain of his superiority. But it is unlikely on the other hand that he would become a critic.

IN spite of his edifying appearance, what really distinguishes the philosopher from the average man and from the artist is that his eye is far more immoral than theirs. The distrust in which the ignorant have always held philosophers—the fact, for instance, that in the Middle Ages they were commonly thought to be in league with the devil—has something in it. As a matter of fact, the philosopher is much nearer the devil than is usually suspected; his attitude to him is one of benevolent curiosity. The notorious blamelessness of the lives of philosophers is not really in contradiction to this. Philosophers live in a harmless fashion, not because their notions are moral, but because all their dangerous passions have been weakened, and can only behave in a mediocre way. But when great desire for glory and great power of intellect have been united in one man, he has not hesitated to transgress the moral standard. Bacon is not an enigma; he is simply a philosopher in practice.

THE mind gains mastery over life not entirely, as it thinks, by its own strength, but because of the fact that it weakens what it desires to overcome. It regulates the passions, for instance, not by disciplining but by reducing them—more exactly, perhaps, by stealing from them: the energy which is going to the passions it diverts to itself. In time the philosopher is so engrossed in his thoughts that he is not even interested in the passions; they then behave very well—they have no one to take notice of them! In the same way muscular energy is transformed into thought; hence the well-known coldness and laziness of philosophers. But the provident philosopher should nurture the passions—for consumption.

EXACTNESS is what counts in the art of writing; it is what makes thoughts dynamic. A conception which is not defined arouses an uncertainty in the feelings: they cock their ears but they do not know what course to take, for the word of command has not been given. It is always the last touch that counts. Exactitude in the world of thought corresponds to intensity in that of passion, and the one evokes the other. Let a generation of diffuse thinkers be given freedom of action, and they will inevitably be followed by a generation of people who can not feel intensely.

IF you believe something you should say it at least once; but you should not say it often. Like all precious things, Truth should be used sparingly. Say a thing twenty times and you no longer believe it.

To be a perfectly honest writer—a writer, that is, true to his impressions—one thing is essential, one must not have a system. A system of thought is a method of exploiting impressions, of weaving them into a pattern, decided beforehand, and of crushing and distorting them for that end. All that one can honestly begin with is a starting-point; but better still if one have several; it makes for independence.

To the artist in whose work there is the evidence of great labour, intense pains, minute carefulness, we give respect. Why is it? Artists are such extraordinary creatures, their qualities are so unique, that we are charmed when we find them in possession of such a commonplace and such a universal quality as hard work. It is the "touch of nature." In a navvy it would be undistinguished, but in an artist—we are enchanted!

It is our moments of lowest vitality that have least æsthetic value, not those which are least pleasurable. Anguish and despair may find their expression in art; but the stupidity of fatigue, never. The fact that phrases like "getting up in the morning" or "going to bed" have in civilized society a sound of such final banality proves how alarmingly tired civilized people really are. Both phrases are associated with moments when people are tired, stupid, half-alive. We think of the old natural man rising refreshed at dawn in the forest. The savage awakens; the civilized man "gets up."

THE intensity of the unconscious is poetry; the intensity of the conscious is wit.

EDWIN MUIR.

ART.

A MODERN ARTIST.

I am just thinking of decorating my studio with pictures of sun-flowers, a decoration in which the chrome yellows, raw or broken, will burst forth from various grounds—blues, from the palest emerald to the royal blue. The frames will be thin strips of wood painted a burnt orange, the sort of effect you get in the glass of the Gothic windows.

Ah! my dear comrades, we may be crack-brained, but let us enjoy the sight of our eyes!

Nature gets even, alas, through the animal side of us, and our bodies are contemptible, and a heavy load at times. But ever since Giotto, a sickly personage, things are that way.

And just the same, what a joy of the eye and what a laugh were the joy and the toothless laugh of the old lion Rembrandt, with a rag around his head and the palette in his hand!—VINCENT VAN GOGH.

THOSE are the words of a painter at his work. The greatest of the modern Dutchmen joins in the laugh of the greatest Dutchman of the old time as they forget want and bodily infirmity in their triumph over the problem of painting, the hardest and most magnificent problem that exists. When we go to see van Gogh's pictures (which are on view at the Montross Gallery, New York, until 31 December), the joy of his vision becomes our joy. His painting has that distinguishing quality of art—the power to incorporate the spectator with the producer and to give to the former the illusion of possessing the eyes and the mind that gave birth to the work. It is only in part an illusion, for if we had not the capabilities in germ, we should not even be able to see what the artist has done. As we come to like pictures that had eluded our comprehension before, the exhilaration we feel is that of our own increase in power, of the previously unknown resources we have become aware of in ourselves.

At an exhibition, at a museum, we want no theories. we enjoy "the thing in itself," as we say and believe. The Greek Venus breathes, the Gothic Madonna thrills with her mystery, the nude woman of Rubens or Renoir glows in the light, and the sky, the trees and the fruits on the ground take up her praise of the

world. How profound and how simple—why is there not more great art, when its origin is so clear? Illusion again; its origin is not clear. The final act of creation may be simple, but what preparation must there not have been, in the race and in the individual, before that act can be accomplished?

When the pictures are no longer before us, when we think of them with our minds at rest, we see that the words we have been using were merely ephemeral tokens of our enthusiasm. Behind the Venus or the Madonna or the great nude in the landscape, are the men who created these things out of the nothingness that all our thoughts are until a genius has given them form. And so it is, that van Gogh writes in another letter, toward the end of his life, "As hateful as painting is and as troublesome in the time we live in, he who has chosen this profession, if he exercises it with zeal, despite all, is a man of duty, and solid and faithful."

Some such reasoning must be invoked to account for the beauty of van Gogh's painting. We are not fitting him out with a certificate of morality; when he said "a man of duty" he was thinking of art as a broader term than ethics. What we must try to do here is to seize the opportunity offered by that open book which is his life and show the intimate relation there is between the thoughts of a man and his achievement. As to the latter there can no longer be any doubt. The pictures before us are among the great things of a great century. To-day the feeling of most people tells them this. The competent critics long since acclaimed van Gogh, and the more progressive of the European museums are welcoming his work. Surest proof of all, in the thirty years since his death the painters have used his art as one of the important bases of their development. Of the initiators of that period, Cézanne still stands, of course, as the dominant figure. Redon was also eagerly consulted, and Gauguin. But we must look to van Gogh, more than to any one else, for the conception of colour on which great artists of to-day, like Matisse and Derain, have built. They might have consulted other men of the generation which advanced the scientific colour-analysis of the Impressionists, and in fact they did not neglect them. But van Gogh, while carrying our knowledge of the relation of colour to light as far as any one of his time, had a special faculty of firing the imagination of the young men.

Mlle. Cousturier, in her admirable essays on Seurat, says that if that great painter's genius has been slower to affect the world than van Gogh's, it is because the work of Seurat has lain hidden from the public in private collections. I think this is only partly true. The young men of the 'nineties turned to van Gogh because the passion that went into his painting gave him the more immediate appeal. The profound mind of Seurat has found its response during the last ten or fifteen years, when the artists, and to some extent the public, have come to realize its significance. But that decade of the 'nineties was an exciting time. The great painters had followed one another thick and fast, and the new generation was turbulent in its eagerness for further advance. Therefore the quiet influence of Seurat's intellect was reserved for the succeeding group, those hard-thinking men of to-day who are called the Cubists. Not for nothing was the company including Matisse, Derain, Rouault, Friesz and the others dubbed "les Fauves," the wild beasts. In their tremendous expressionism (of which we have a weak echo to-day in Germany) it was natural that they should look to van Gogh, the man whose art reveals what miracles are possible to those who have the power

to follow that accumulated wisdom of the race which is in us and which we call instinct.

Of all the lives of artists of which we have a sufficient record, van Gogh's is, perhaps, that one which furnishes the most conclusive proof that art is a thing innate and not a thing acquired. Studying the long career of some other great men, studying the spectacle of their slow ascent from work in which the inspiration is partly or mostly hidden by the dead matter of their school studies, one may fall into the mistake of thinking that they began as commonplace persons and attained mastery by the acquisition of qualities from without. Van Gogh's career affords the clearest testimony that the kingdom of art is within us. It is true that the greatest event of his life was the final journey to France when he discovered the immense possibilities of the Impressionist and Neo-Impressionist schools. But this journey has been undertaken by thousands of painters whose pictures have remained exactly as worthless when done in luminous colour as when done in the neutral mud of dirty palettes. The more one studies van Gogh's earlier works, the more one is brought to the conviction that the essential thing of his painting, the expression, the beauty, was in his art from the first—through instinct. The acquisitions he made in France only allowed a freer, fuller utterance to the genius he already possessed.

Consider the fact that in five years of painting he covered the ground—at least in the matter of colour—that it had taken the great line of his predecessors almost a century to clear. And he did this through a series of steps which in their logical succession preclude any comparison with the young painters who fling themselves at a bound into whatever may be the "modern style" of their time. Van Gogh's work from about 1882 to 1887 was not school work. He was twenty-nine years of age in 1882, the date that may best be assigned for the opening of his career, and his previous activities, in scientific study, as a picture-dealer and as a lay-preacher, had enriched his mind to the point where there begins that readiness to follow inner promptings which—when united to the ability to express them—constitutes mastery. There are masterpieces, therefore, among the earliest works in the splendid exhibition before us. How could he gain from professorial instruction, in his successive and short experiments with schools, when his mind was already soaring in an ether which his teachers never reached in all their lives?

If he is indeed an outstanding type of the man who gives his impulses free rein, depending on the genius within him, the examples we have of his great modesty before the work of other men, ancient and modern, prove how unconscious he was of the thing that made him great. His own formula for success is study and labour. It is evident in a work like the "Portrait of a Man," (No. 61 in the catalogue of the current exhibition) where pure research is for once unaccompanied by emotion, and a comparatively dull work is the result. The quantity of his production is almost as surprising as its quality. The number of paintings and drawings done in his eight years of work is astounding; add to these the letters, with their vast sweep of investigation and realization (four volumes of them have been published), and you need the testimony of witnesses to be persuaded that even the use of every waking minute of those years could have yielded such an output. The apparently material question of quantity is again, as I see the case, a confirmation of the idea that this man was not following the infinitely complicated trail of outward circumstance but allowed himself to be

swept along his meteoric course by inner compulsion.

Have we not material here for extending the contrast that has been established between the Hamlets and the Don Quixotes of the world? The great Russian who first opposed the supreme figures of irresoluteness and of action opened more vistas than appear on a brief consideration of his essay. Related to this contrast is that one which exists between reason and instinct. Not the most hostile critic of van Gogh can see the immeasurable knowledge of the laws of colour in his later work and deny that reason has been his instrument. But only those who do not know the parched deserts of canvas that reason has to answer for, can deny that the dominant thing with this artist is instinct. Our whole lives swing between the two extremes; and success in every field of effort, or let us say most simply success in living, is a matter of finding a just relation between the two factors.

It is tempting to go further into an exploration of the enthralling mentality of van Gogh. His plans for community of effort among artists, frustrated in his own experience, are not to be given up as hopeless: their time may yet come. One would like to take up at length the question of his debt to the great minds of the past with whom he was for ever communing. One of these is Rembrandt, whose dark pictures haunt him even as he works in that clearest sunlight of the South of France. He paints them over again, from memory or from reproductions, and translates them into the brilliant colour he has been using for skies and flowers. Most interesting of all his letters, perhaps, are those which give his conception of Christ who, "lived serenely as an artist, greater than all the artists, disdaining marble and clay and colour, but working in the living flesh Those spoken words—which like a great prodigal lord he did not even deign to write, are one of the highest summits—the highest summit attained by the art which becomes in them a creative force, a pure creative power."

It is the painting we are concerned with now, and no words can in any way take the place of the sight of it. Each time one comes back to the gallery, the unmuted ring of van Gogh's harmonies becomes a more compelling stimulus to enthusiasm. His range of qualities is not a full one, his fidelity to the thing born in him, his rapt insistence on his own theme precludes the full sweep of a man of the classic line—his adored Delacroix, for example. But we do not measure values by their extension: it is intensity that counts and, when thus considered, van Gogh is one of the giants of our time. In his freedom from the ancient trammels of the patron, in the price he paid for this freedom in hardships and in his death, and again in the immense new resources he found through having no master but the spirit within him, he is the veritable type of the modern painter.

WALTER PACH.

POETRY.

ISRAEL.

Thou, Israel, on a foreign shore,
So low, so low, that once was great,
What altars do thy sons adore?
The golden calf, the scarlet whore,
Phœnicia's greed, Assyria's hate.

No more, Jerusalem, no more,
Shalt thou behold thine ancient state,
Or round thee in the cloudy gloom
Remark the heavenly advocate.
The Syrian desert shrouds his fate,
The Lydian wilderness his tomb.

ROBERT NATHAN.

MISCELLANY.

It seems to me that whatever it is that happens to so many artists who come to America and to the artists who are native here, is so nearly invariable as to justify the inquiry: What do we Americans do to an artist when we find one? As the inquisitive but destructive child takes apart its favourite toy only to ruin it in his self-gratification, so we, drawn to the art expressions that our system unconsciously craves, make an almost masochistic rite of our treatment of the artist. That, I believe, holds true, in a general sense, of our attitude toward practitioners of all the arts. The whole world lionizes an artist; interpreted generously, lionizing is man's homage to that which he himself is incapable of attaining. The essential artist remains unspoiled by this adulation because he knows in his heart that he is but the vessel that contains the host. But in America we have a peculiar method of demoralizing an artist whenever we lionize him. We somehow cheapen the man, we tempt him to debase himself and, once he succumbs—even the best men are weak—we throw him aside with cruel callousness and turn lightly to the next victim.

MEANWHILE we go through all the pretence of being virtuous, and attribute the artist's fall to something quite other than our insidious seduction. We Americans think of art as something to be exploited, something made for display and sale rather than for the release of the noble impulses of the artist's soul. We urge the man to create beyond his capacity, flatter him into believing that his soil can yield without periods of rest and without fertilization, and in the end we degrade him to the point at which he repeats his little trick over and over again, so that what began as art ends in prostitution. This is true of artists in music, painting and literature and, because of the vast popularity of the theatre, it is conspicuously frequent on our stage. Once let a man's creative impulse disclose itself in the clever use of line and colour in some particular genre; we do not encourage him to develop and fulfil himself by practising new forms and methods but we insist upon more of that which first brought him to our notice, until what was once pleasing becomes banal. Then the advertising ghouls get him and he dies two million deaths a week in the popular magazines.

It is a joy to gaze on an artist who is strong enough to resist our temptations and to vanquish his would-be betrayers. Such a one is Efreim Zimbalist, fiddler by the grace of God. A few days ago in New York, this great artist enjoyed one of those public triumphs that are witnessed only once or twice in a season. To one person, at least, in that great audience, the wild applause that brought the player out to bow his acknowledgments again and again, was a vindication of pure art and high aspiration. Zimbalist that afternoon played the Glazounow concerto, and the listener recalled the violinist's American debut on the same platform in the same work. Some eight years must have separated the two occasions but it seemed as if a perfect circle had been described in that period. The continence, the restraint, the reserve power were there just as those merits were revealed in the newcomer, but the exquisite poise and reverence for the composer's intentions in the young man have become an integral part of the more mature artist.

If one required corroboration of what one's ears heard it was only necessary to observe the hundred musicians in the orchestra—jaded and long-suffering—applauding with the abandon of a *Backfisch* at her favourite tenor's recital. It was proof that this musician's musician has kept the faith, that in these eight years of keen musical competition in which more than one musical hero has fallen by the wayside, he has gone on serenely, aspiring to an ideal, refusing to swerve even when he saw how momentary triumph comes to those who are content to tear a passion to tatters—who give the public what they

think the public wants. An artist has no right to give the public what it wants; the public is not the artist's master any more than it is his servant. This celebration of Zimbalist is not to asseverate that there is no greater violinist in America; the admirers of Kreisler and Ysaye will find no challenge here. He simply lends himself well, at this point in his career, as an illustration of the adage that artistry is the best policy.

THE departed or departing saloon, after all, formed the only institution in our society in which people other than dues-paying members of clubs might congregate for conversation and conviviality. More often than not it was a filthy place—except for a few gilded palaces—and its use was limited to the poor man, though politicians of the baser sort were quick to adapt its possibilities to their own nefarious ends. But the passing of the saloon lends new emphasis to the need of places where people of like minds may meet who want to exchange wise saws and modern instances in the unclassified half-hours that even the busiest of us can sometimes find time to sacrifice to the delights of conversation. A few pale attempts at supplying such meeting points may perhaps be found in New York's Greenwich Village, but the two or three I happen to know, are altogether too self-conscious to be comfortable. What a chance is here for a public benefactor in every city, who will open a few coffee-houses supplying good coffee and tea at moderate prices, with inviting alcoves and comfortable chairs and without music, and with a few foreign newspapers and magazines lying around. Something like New York's old Fleischmann's Vienna Café next to Grace Church would be just the thing. No brass band or advertising would be needed to make such a resort a very great success.

LONDON is better off than we are in the possession of such meeting places, though it is a great club city. Literary London boasts as many headquarters as Washington left to posterity. There is the solemn Reform Club in Pall Mall, where the literary lions most do congregate. An odd assortment meets at the new 1917 Club in Gerrard Street. After very plain living in a basement, the members distribute themselves over the upper rooms for coffee and high thinking. Then there are the non-eating places such as the quaint Poetry Bookshop in Devonshire Street, near Theobald's Road where the rhymsters forgather. New York has, perhaps, fewer of such literary centres but they are far more pretentious, such as the Players, the Century Club, the Civic Club, and, in small measure, perhaps the City Club and the various university clubs.

I HEAR that despite the unfavourable rate of exchange, American commodities are to be seen everywhere in Europe. Thus our motion-pictures are ubiquitous—Douglas and Mary smile upon strange multitudes from out innumerable frames. In Paris, American cigarettes are always the easiest to get. In London, an excellent orchestra of Negro players has flourished for nearly a year. Several New York theatrical shows are occupying the boards of London playhouses; and many of our magazines are displayed at English news-stalls. Strangely enough, European publishers—English and Continental—persist in offering the worst of our literature to their customers, as if they had not enough mediocre books of their own. If this is a subtle way of creating anti-American feeling, it is one from which the perpetrators must suffer more than we do.

Is there anyone, I wonder, outside the fast diminishing circle of the professional patriots, who remembers that old war-time fiction, the Hun. For my part, I had almost forgotten the monster, beloved of propagandist and cartoonist, until the other day when a returning traveller just back from central Europe told me the following story. At Spandau there is a food-depot maintained by the American Friends Service Committee (which was selected by Mr. Herbert Hoover as the most efficient organization for administering relief in starving Germany and Austria).

One night a month or so ago this depot was broken into by a band of hungry men and a considerable quantity of the good Quakers' stores was removed. When the news of this robbery was noised abroad, public indignation knew no bounds. The local newspapers expressed surprise and shame that adults sufficiently able-bodied to remove so much food could be so base as to steal supplies that were intended to feed little children. But the Quakers characteristically appealed to no law or authority either to regain the food or to punish the thieves. Then a strange thing happened. Two nights later those hungry but repentant—shall we say Huns?—stole back into the depot under cover of night and replaced the food they had stolen.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

THE STAR VERSUS THE PLAY.

THERE are stage-productions about which books might be written, not because of their superlative goodness or badness, but because they are so typical of what ails the American stage. Mr. Sven Lange's "Samson and Delilah" now playing at the Greenwich Village Theatre falls within this category. It is not a great play. Its author is an able and clever dramatist, but not one of the master minds. He is a Scandinavian, however, and like most of his countrymen, he pushes a little closer to the fundamentalities of life than we Americans generally do. For this reason among others, his play contains possibilities well worthy of artistic development. Most of these are now lost—partly because the play has been used as a mere springboard for a new star, and partly because this star-to-be is temperamentally out of touch with the essential spirit of the play.

Intense individualism is one of the main traits of the Scandinavian character. It shows itself in many ways, and not the least in the production of more eccentric personalities to the square mile than even Scotland or New England—those closely kindred regions—can boast. Of course, this individualism plays a dominant part in the Scandinavian drama. Ibsen repeatedly created figures that to us seem strangely fantastic. All of his characters tend to act and speak somewhat abruptly according to our standards. But if we are to judge him properly, we must remember that he was only using the artist's privilege of selecting his types from the humanity that came to him in his little drugstore at Grimstad or promenaded the town's little park on a Sunday afternoon. His followers—men like Hamsun and Heiberg in Norway, or Lange and Wied in Denmark—have been obliged to overbid him, with the result that their characters sometimes approach the grotesque. Nevertheless, these characters always remain safely rooted in ordinary humanity, and their proper portrayal on the stage rarely fails to throw new light on our common life.

One more feature of the modern Scandinavian drama is indispensable to the sympathetic understanding of a play like "Samson and Delilah." Taking their clue from Shakespeare, all the leading playwrights over there have given particular attention to the intimate mixing of the tragical and exceptional with the comical and commonplace which is so characteristic of all real living. Instead of keeping these seemingly incongruous elements in separate scenes, as Shakespeare did, they have striven to present them as strands in a single rope, as integral parts of the same action. And their stagecraft has developed accordingly. Many Ibsen plays, for instance, are acted with an abandonment of portrayal that to us would smack of caricature. The tragical element inherent in the plays is left to take care of itself—as it will—while every vestige of humour is nursed to the utmost. The results may seem startling at first glance. In the end they help to make many things convincing that in a more "reverent" rendering would strike us as having little or no bearing on our own daily existence.

The fantastic spirit runs rampant in "Samson and

Delilah." On a foundation of deep tragedy, its author has built a farcical structure full of quaint and seemingly irrelevant whimsicalities. Played as tragedy, the piece is doomed to fail as a play. Played in the author's own nonchalant vein, it becomes a drama of suggested rather than expressed passion, embodying the perennial agony of a human heart that strives to fulfill its own nature both racially and individually. Peter Krumbach, the central figure of Lange's play, is a grown-up child that, like most other poets, needs both love and work to express himself fully. Both are intensely real and important to him—not so much for the sake of what they bring him, as on account of what they draw out of him. They are equally means of self-fulfilment, but in seeking them he looks instinctively toward things that will continue to exist far beyond himself. He is the true artist, not because he writes verse, but because his own self has become subordinated to something greater and higher. His actress-wife, on the other hand, is a pure Philistine—one who seeks the ultimate meaning of life in the self-satisfaction of the passing moment—and naturally she turns from the poet's intangible dreams to the comfortable realities of Sophus Meyers, the muscular and well-groomed furniture-dealer. It is another triangular story, of course, with a not uncommon ending, but as such it means little in comparison with the fatal clashing of two eternally juxtaposed human types: he who seeks the reality at the heart of things, and he who finds it in their surface appearances.

These aspects of "Samson and Delilah" are not wholly lost in the production at the Greenwich Village Theatre, but they are not given their full value, and the performance as a whole leaves the spectator confused and dissatisfied unless he has come merely to celebrate the triumph of a single man. Even this triumph is limited, however. Mr. Ben-Ami is an actor of unmistakable power and great intelligence. His quick transition from the Yiddish to the English-speaking stage is a feat that suggests remarkable possibilities. His interpretation of Peter Krumbach can not fail to command respect, and the lingering accent that still taints his English does not seriously disturb the total impression of his acting. There is something else that marks him more clearly a stranger. It lies in the rhythm of his speech and of his gestures. He is at once too slow and too abrupt both for our temperaments and for the demands of the play. He gives us much of the whimsical wistfulness that constitutes the main charm of Lange's poet, but he adds to it a tenseness that keeps the nerves of the spectator on edge from the first scene to the last. In another play this quality may prove an asset. In "Samson and Delilah" it is a burden that puts unbearable weight on what its author has deliberately designated as a tragic-comedy.

Had the play been uppermost in the minds of its producers, and had the rest of the cast been picked accordingly, the final impression of the star himself might have been more satisfactory. As it is, hardly a member of the cast fits his or her part. This is most fatal in the case of Dagmar Krumbach-Delilah, whose deliciously satirized figure now becomes utterly unconvincing. Were Mr. Ben-Ami ten times more brilliant than he is, the picture as a whole would nevertheless remain at fault for the lack of that team-work which requires not only the careful co-ordination of every word and movement on the stage, but the sympathetically judicious selection of every participant with regard to the special requirements of his or her part, no matter how insignificant it may seem in itself. It is this kind of selection that has contributed not a little toward the remarkable success achieved by the Theatre Guild. It is a factor which, it would seem, need cause no trouble, in a place so full of diversified theatrical talent as New York, and if it prove a stumbling block as in the present case, one can not help tracing the cause to the peculiar inability of most persons connected with stage management to visualize a play without external assistance.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE RECENT DRAMA IN GREECE.

SIRS: Mr. Zimand's story on "The Tragedy that is Greece," coming as it does, ten days after the Venizelos debacle strikes me as a peculiar contribution to recent Greek political history. That an impartial, and I take it, a liberal observer, having been in Greece on the eve of the last general election, should have failed to find signs of the impending Venizelist disaster, is surprising. Here I have before me the *London Nation* of 6 November in which the result of the Greek elections is so accurately forecast as to justify admiration, inasmuch that, to my knowledge no correspondent of the *London weekly* has recently been over to Greece. That nine-tenths of the Greek people have always been against Venizelos is something about which no one in Greece had any misgivings. However, most foreign observers have failed to find this, first on account of the international Venizelist propaganda, and second on account of the inaccessibility of the Greek language press to any but a very small number of those who follow Greek politics at close range.

In view of the recent election, which has demonstrated the weakness of Venizelism, Venizelos, being always in the minority, and having been placed at the head of the Greek State by foreign force, has employed all means in his power to strengthen his rule at the expense of the fundamentals of Greek independence and Greek democracy. Being weak at home, he was merciless to the majority he was oppressing; and being solicitous of his own well-advertised "greatness" he took pains to surround himself with weaklings and rascals who were given a free hand in Greece, as long as they acknowledged implicitly their master's importance, besides preserving his monopoly of genius and political virtue.

Speaking of the recent elections these facts stand out in bold relief:

1. Venizelos, being an absolute master in Greece, arranged all the details of the coming campaign himself, in close co-operation with his hand-picked, and unconstitutionally revived Chamber of 1915, which was for three years working with only 150 members out of a total of 316, the rest having been expelled, imprisoned, or otherwise eliminated during the Venizelist regime.

2. Venizelos in the last days of his regime, had his Chamber pass two electoral "laws" the first giving the Venizelist army-chiefs absolute control of the soldier vote at the front, and the second enabling him to register, without any previous residence in any electoral district of Greece, any number of Greek refugees from different parts of the Near East. These hand-picked Venizelist voters comprised Greeks from as far as Batum, as the cable dispatches published in the *New York press* told us on 13 November.

3. In the province of Thrace, the elections were held under Martial Law, the Opposition being prevented from nominating any candidates in that part of Greece.

4. In certain localities of Greece, including Piræus, the Opposition was prevented from having meetings and parades, by order of the Chief of Police.

5. On the eve of the election the Ægean Division, recruited entirely from Asia Minor Venizelists, was brought over to Athens to impress the population.

6. On the same day the Venizelist Cretan Division was brought over to Patras with the same object.

7. On the day just before the election, the entire Class of 1915 was demobilized, 25,000 voters being thus disfranchised, as they could not vote either as soldiers or as civilians within so short a space of time.

8. On the same day the British Minister at Athens, Lord Granville, the French Minister, Monsieur de Billy, and the Minister from the United States, Mr. Edward Capps, gave formal statements to the Venizelist papers *Eleftheros Typos* and *Ethnos* warning the Greek people to vote for Venizelos, threatening otherwise to deprive Greece of the friendship of the countries they represented.

9. The entire British and French press, and every news agency in Europe, and almost every newspaper and news agency in America, were solid for Venizelos.

10. Censorship in Greece was general, and Martial Law existed in many provinces, and terrorism by the Venizelist police held full sway on election day.

Yet in view of all this, this is what happened: Out of 368 deputies elected, the anti-Venizelists carried 280, and Venizelos 88, including the 52 from Thrace where no opposition candidate ran, which reduces his clear-cut partisans to 36. This is one-tenth of the total membership of the Greek Chamber.

Twelve members of the Venizelos Cabinet failed of election in their own constituencies.

Eleutherios K. Venizelos himself was defeated in Attica by 9,000 votes in a total vote of 50,000.

A few words about Constantine. He was the main issue of the campaign, not as a "King" or as a political "leader," but as the person best embodying the independence of Greece. Now, if Constantine goes back, that will mean to the Greeks that they have the right to manage their own internal affairs as they please, and that their independence is universally recognized. Constantine's return to Greece will settle for ever the issue of the Hellenic independence and the Greek right of self-determination. If Constantine is not permitted to go to Greece, that will mean that Greece is done as an independent State.

These are the issues, that to my disappointment Mr. Zimand has failed to see in Greece, and these are the points that the brilliant publisher of the *Athina* and my dear friend Mr. Popp has failed to discern, when he placed himself at the head of an opposition that may only come to life after the question of Greek political independence is settled for good. I am, etc.,
Babylon, Long Island. ADAMANTIOS TH. POLYZOIS.

HOMERUS DORMITAT.

SIRS: The learned Journeyman who, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, seems able to be in two places at one time, who seems to be of all ages and all climes, disclosed a 'prentice hand in your current issue. The "Norwegian, Zorn," forsooth! Which reminds me of a reference to the "German critic, Brandes" in the *New York Times*. To call a Swede a Norwegian or a Dane a Swede is about as conducive to peace as to refer to an Irishman as a Britisher. I am, etc.,
New York City. LARS CARLSON.

A MATTER FOR DR. FREUD.

SIRS: Why do we "forget"?

We *don't* forget. If the new science of psychoanalysis has made any valuable contribution to human knowledge, it is in its insistence that "forgetting" is not a negative inability, but a positive act. The recollection is there, but some impulse hostile to its appearance sits upon it; some definite (though unconscious) antagonism, or some uncongenial connotation or association, imprisons it. The memory of your esteemed contemporary, *The Nation*, ought to be rich—is rich—in facts of public interest. Yet we find *The Nation* saying in a recent issue:

Dudley Field Malone, Collector of the Port of New York when the "Lusitania" started on her final voyage, revealed, in the course of his campaign as Farmer-Labour candidate for Governor of New York State, the fact that the "Lusitania" carried large quantities of ammunition consigned to the British Government, including 4,200 cases of Springfield cartridges containing some eleven tons of black powder. The revelation is not so important in its bearing upon the "Lusitania" case—for it does not lessen the cruelty of the sinking nor legally alter the status of the outrage—as in its bearing upon the methods of the Wilson Administration. The Wilson Administration refused to permit publication of the fact.

Now the "Lusitania's" manifest was published in all the *New York papers*, and widely through the country, a few days after the tragedy. It appeared, for instance, on 8 May, 1915 in the *Evening Post*, of which the editor of *The Nation* was then president. The manifest showed not only 4,200 "cases of cartridges and ammunition," but also 1,271 "cases of ammunition," 189 "cases of military goods," and large quantities of copper, hardware, oils and "drugs,"—which a dispatch from Pittsburgh the next day affirmed to be tetra-chloride.

Mr. Malone made no revelation in his recent speeches. The Wilson Administration did not refuse to permit publication of the fact. Yet the matter is not without interest—which, however, does not lie in any belated light it throws upon the "Lusitania" horror nor on the habits of the present Administration; but lies in its rather surprising evidence of public capacity for forgetting. Even the *Staats-Zeitung* is quoting Mr. Malone's "revelation."

Why—and when—did our editors and the public forget the ammunition on the unhappy ship? How does it happen that what now is spoken and written about as important, was scarcely noticed when originally made known, was buried during five years under a general amnesia, and when recalled, is refused recognition by the memory, but taken up in the character of a piece of news? Laymen in matters of the mind can only look hopefully to experts in the new science for an explanation.

Another slight, but not uninteresting, question is born of reflection on the circumstance that it was Mr. Malone himself, then Collector of the Port of New York, who gave the

munition-carrying ship her clearance papers—did so with the manifest in his hand, and apparently oblivious of the Federal Act to Regulate the Carriage of Passengers at Sea, section eight of which makes unlawful the carrying of dangerous explosives on a passenger ship, and section twelve of which authorizes and directs the Collector of the Port to withhold the clearance of a vessel violating its provisions.

There has evidently been a good deal of forgetfulness about the whole matter. It is all rather curious. Purely as a problem of scientific interest, it is well worth the attention of a Freud or a Jung. Lapses of memory are perfectly innocent—yet interesting. The attendant whom the hotel has to maintain at the exit of the telephone booths knows that opulent persons of impeccable honesty are strangely prone to forget about the nickel. What are the unconscious urges that work such wayward disturbances in the mental operations of a great and intelligent people—especially when their faculties are exalted by the ennobling excitement of war-time? I am, etc.,

R. K.

THOSE UNKNOWN CONSCRIPTS.

SIRS: I notice that in England, France and Portugal, and elsewhere, the bodies of certain "unknown soldiers" are being officially interred with high honours and ceremonials. Now that they are dead, these poor little goblets of cannon-fodder are being fussed over by the powers that be. Would it not have been better had they been more conscious of the value of their conscripts while they were alive? No doubt many a mother thrills at the thought that possibly the poor dead body they are burying is her missing son. Still, if I were a mother, I'd rather have him come back to me humbly than have him thus finely buried, and I'd rather have a type of international peace established and a form of social organization created that would make the recent madness impossible than have all the ornate frippery of mock respect that Governments may parade for our edification. This is a repentance after the deed, and a worthless repentance at that. When these Governments plot the next war, will they consult men of the class and type of Private X about their schemings any more than they consulted the corpses which now they honour? Not unless the Private X's of all countries, preferring life and freedom to the million-to-one chance of becoming a celebrated corpse, force them to do so. But unless I misread history and underestimate human intelligence, they won't. Still, there is a chance. . . . I am, etc.,

Cambridge, Mass.

JOHN F. LEWIS, jun.

THE NOBEL ARMISTICE PRIZE.

SIRS: Press dispatches have recently been published here in which it is foretold that Mr. Woodrow Wilson is to receive the 1920 Nobel Peace Prize. It is interesting to hear also that this fact has for some time been known in Washington through the American diplomatic service. Leaders in Swedish politics are members of the Nobel Commission, and it is no secret that Mr. Branting has strongly urged that the 1920 Peace Prize should go to the great Virginian. How gratifying this result must be to all concerned!

According to the not everywhere fully appreciated Peace of Versailles, a plebiscite was held recently in Slesvig with the result that the Anglo-French neutral commission forthwith handed to Denmark nearly the whole of the much coveted portion of South Jutland. And now the Aland question is pending before the politicians who compose the League of Nations and very soon after the Peace prize has been bestowed upon our illustrious President, the Aland Islands will be awarded either to Finland or Sweden. I doubt that it will be Finland; because Mr. Wilson (who has always claimed to be a champion of justice and honesty) will certainly see to it that Sweden receives what she has a solid right to expect. I am, etc.,

New York City.

HOLGER SANDSTROM.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY.

SIRS: Permission to speak according to the dictates of conscience, a privilege always dear to the Quaker, has surely been granted by the jury to exhibitors at the current exhibition in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Never, I think, outside the walls of the Independent's shows in New York, has there been brought together a collection of pictures representative of so many different modern tendencies—and this too, in a medium that for years has been in the discard—pure wash watercolour. Such glory of colour and such breadth of treatment as one sees here must win friends among the painters, and let us hope, among appreciators and buyers as well. The technical skill and freedom of the exhibiting artists gives evidence of joy in the work for its own sake. Though

artists whose names are already familiar, like Birger Sandzen, Alfred Hayward, Alice Schille, Dodge Mackinglet, and Hayley Lever have made the most striking and distinctively modern contributions, they are fully sustained by lesser painters. Charles Demuth, with a group of four "Bermuda Landscapes," shows so strong a Cézanne influence, that, having seen the Cézanne exhibition now on at the Zaya gallery in New York I felt again some of the sensations I experienced in the presence of the master's work. I can say, too, that the black-and-white and the miniatures fully sustain the fine quality of the show. The exhibit does not close until 8 December, and I sincerely hope it will have the patronage it deserves. I am etc.,

Houston, Texas.

E. RICHARDSON CHERRY.

MEDIOCRITÉ JUSQU'A LA FIN!

SIRS: In the following characterization of Mr. Harding which appeared in the weekly edition of the Parisian *Journal des Debats* for 5 November, the author, M. Georges Lechartiere, exhibits an alchemic facility at transmuting dross into gold—a facility which should prove most valuable to the Republican National Committee in 1924, when four more years of staunch, unerring stupidity have supplied much additional raw material:

The principal traits which mark, at the outset, the character of the new President of the United States, are love of work, a spirit of justice, a grasp of difficult matters, and great honesty. . . . In his political career, and since 1914, he has made himself only slightly conspicuous, and has rarely spoken . . . but has worked hard on committees, particularly those of Foreign Affairs and Commerce. He has, in general, stayed in the background in major political tilts, but he has been always, in his party, a 'man to be counted on.' . . . During the war, while he was always resolutely opposed to President Wilson and his 'imperialism,' he did not allow himself to exhibit this opposition in his political acts. On the contrary, he always voted for the special measures asked for by the President, since he considered the interest of the United States and of the war demanded this.

Since the armistice, and during the long debates over the treaty, he fought the League and the President . . . because he considered that, if it 'accepted the covenant of the League, the United States would abandon its constitutional liberties to establish, against its interest and its right, a world-supergovernment.' He has maintained, after some vacillation, this same attitude during the campaign. He brought up few of the domestic issues, perhaps because he judged them, from the point of view of the election, too delicate to mention, or untimely to decide. He also restrained himself from speaking except for the League, on matters of foreign policy. . . .

I am, etc.,

New York City.

MELVILLE J. HEVSKOVITS.

THE VANISHING OF DIALECT.

SIRS: I have particularly enjoyed Journeyman's paragraphs on the malign influence of the schools upon our mother tongue. I can bear witness to the truth of what your contributor says so well regarding the devastation which is being wrought on the folk-speech of the English people by the demands of the schoolmasters and school inspectors with their Oxford-made or London-made accent. In this connexion, I am reminded of a talk I had many years ago with an English clergyman who had lived all his life as curate and vicar in a little Dorsetshire village; a man of gentle manners and wide culture—did not somebody once say that the chief value of the Church of England was that it ensured at least one gentleman in every parish? My friend was deeply concerned at the gradual disappearance of the age-long dialect of Wessex. He told me that one result of free education in Dorset was that the children now spoke what was practically two languages—one the native dialect—the mother-tongue—with their parents at home, and the other a sort of bastard Cockney to satisfy their teachers at school. And then, I remember, the Vicar told me of a recent visit the Government inspector had paid to the village school, and how that gentleman had rebuked one of the boys for his pronunciation of the word "wood."

"Spell the word," said the Inspector.

"W-o-o-d," answered the boy.

"Well, what is that?"

"Ood," said the boy.

"No! No, you forget the 'w.' Try again."

"Ood," the boy repeated.

"Quite right, my boy," struck in the parson, coming to the rescue of the bewildered youngster. "It is 'ood," and then turning to the Inspector, he said, "We are of the old Anglo-Saxon breed down here, and 'ood, is what you call wood in London."

But the sky is not without a patch of blue. I have lately heard that a group of scholars are now getting to work in England for the preservation of all the local dialects. Maybe they may yet save the language. Let Journeyman take heart. I am, etc.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

GEORGE BRANGWYN.

BOOKS.

"NOT EVEN JERUSALEM."

THE most interesting phenomenon in these United States just now is the assiduity and earnestness of what one may perhaps call its spiritual stock-taking. A supercilious critic might say that this is only the introspective self-consciousness of adolescence; and no doubt that is partly true. But such a diagnosis would in fact touch no more than the fringe of what this self-examination portends. It is, I believe, a sign of crisis, and the foreshadowing of revolution. Between the lines of such books as, for example, Mr. Erskine's "Democracy and Ideals," and Mr. Canby's "Everyday Americans,"¹ one may read the writers' sense that America is at the parting of the ways.

As far as it goes, Mr. Canby's book is very good and very interesting. On the whole, his analysis appears to be sound; and his candour is admirable. He feels that the traditional educational methods of American schools and colleges have become a fixing-bath for the old liberalism and have somehow turned it into a dangerous orthodoxy. What, from the nature of the case, should have remained fluid and adaptable has crystallized into a rigid credo which threatens to become an arrest of life. Mr. Canby perceives, for instance, that the logic of democracy is not exhausted by a universal franchise and that it is even now asserting itself in the region of industry; but he fails to see in the mind of the everyday American any disposition to accept this new development as belonging to the nature of things and to adapt itself to it accordingly. The very institutions which liberalism created are now becoming its prison; and America is in danger of turning into a stronghold of conservatism.

Mr. Canby set out to make a diagnosis, not to write a prescription, and it is therefore unfair to quarrel with him if he does not—save in an occasional hint—point the way out of the impasse. But it is questionable whether his diagnosis is exhaustive enough to make it a safe basis for prescription. For the arterio-sclerosis which has come upon the old American liberalism has its roots not in any of the peculiarities of the American mind but in the "cussedness" of ordinary human nature. Give any efflorescence of life time enough and the chances are that it will petrify. The young men of the Russian Revolution are becoming as stiffly doctrinaire as the stodgiest bourgeois undergraduate in America; and the Lenin dogma has already become the most dangerous of orthodoxies; and, by a curious paradox, both are reinforced by the same egalitarian temper, the one deriving from the logic of the proletarian dictatorship, the other from a misinterpretation of the equality which is the real first postulate of republican democracy. Equality of economic or political standing tends to a more or less compulsory uniformity of opinion. Because all men have the same status, all minds must work by the same standards; and dissent becomes the unpardonable sin. Yet the real test of the vitality of a society is its capacity for dissent.

Mr. Canby sees plainly that the battles of the future are being lost to-day upon the conventional campus; and that it is to a revolution in the spirit of education that we must look for a liberation of those mental processes that will stimulate the movement of life and keep it true to its pole.

It should be self-evident that education fails if it does not equip men and women with a competent and active faculty of criticism and discrimination, with the

priceless gift of "distinguishing between things that differ." And it is at this point—as it seems to a spectator like myself—that education in America miscarries. A little while ago a brilliant teacher in one of the oldest American universities said to me: "I do not think that we have on this faculty half a dozen men who take a critical view of life. If there are more, I don't know them." Somehow, somewhere, in British education (I am not expert enough in education to be more specific) something is done or left undone which stirs up this habit of independent criticism, not infallibly or universally, of course, but seemingly to a much greater extent than is the case here. And it is just this critical attitude that is to-day chiefly needed in America as in all places else. For these are days when none of the altars at which our fathers worshipped or of the credos which they maintained should be exempted from running the gauntlet of the frankest and most thoroughgoing criticism that we can direct upon them. This entails no irreverence; it is rather the truest form of reverence. Some years ago, I was walking down the Valley of Hinnon by Jerusalem with Stewart MacAlister, now Professor of Celtic Archaeology in the National University of Ireland, then director of the Palestine Exploration Fund; and speaking of his own task, he said: "It should be a rule in Palestine exploration that no traditional site should be accepted without question—not even Jerusalem."

But obviously there must be some positive principle of criticism and discrimination if we are not to end in the cul-de-sac of sceptical nihilism; and clearly it is another office of education to furnish its beneficiaries with this principle. But it is not enough even in America to say, as Mr. Canby does, that the task of education is "not merely to preserve but also to carry on the tradition of America." The only elements in the tradition of any country that are in the end worth carrying on are those which are universal—that is, those that minister to the increase and the unity of life. For we are first of all men before we are Americans or Britons or Germans. These universals we shall have to apply to all sorts of different situations; and there will be endless variety of application. But the things that make for life are in their essence the same all the world over; and it is with these that in the first instance a real education will have to do.

Whether any process or code of education can communicate this sense of the primacy of life is doubtful. School and college may and should provide the setting; but this thing can not be transmitted as a matter of knowledge or as a point of view in philosophy. To give it no less than to receive it is a sort of religious experience; and one is reminded of Robert Louis Stevenson's saying that "the best teachers climb beyond teaching to the plane of art; it is themselves and what is best in themselves that they communicate." This first and last thing in education is an affair between persons; and it is our educators and not our education that make us what we are.

RICHARD ROBERTS.

A SURVEY OF THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

IN "The New Psychology," Mr. Tansley has sought to show the present state of psychological studies by reviewing the contributions of the Freudian school, Dr. McDougall's theory of social psychology and the studies in herd instinct by Mr. W. Trotter. In undertaking this task he has laboured under the disadvantage of having to deal with three theories of which the first is incomplete, the second is both inadequate and pretentious and the third has remained stationary. Dr. McDougall's "Social

¹ "Everyday Americans," Henry Seidel Canby, New York: The Century Co.

² "The New Psychology," A. G. Tansley, New York: Dodd, Mead and Company

Psychology" contains so many lapses into mere verbalism that it has aroused the general impatience of critics. Mr. Trotter's theory of herd instinct, on the other hand, has made no progress, if indeed it has not actually lost ground through the author's unfortunate attempt to generalize about the problems of the European conflict in a manner that showed only too plainly that his own herd instinct had overwhelmed whatever capacity for scientific detachment he may have possessed.

Strictly speaking, Mr. Tansley's book does not treat of "the new psychology" at all, since this is a term which has very generally been applied to the work of the behaviourist school. This is to be regretted, as the relation of Freud's work to the behaviourists deserves a greater emphasis than it has as yet received. For Freud belongs essentially to this school. Like the behaviourists, he has discarded the dogmas of the old psychology and has aimed at the study of the human psyche purely in terms of its behaviour towards its social and physical environment. The greater complexity of the problems with which he has dealt and the novelty of his method have helped to obscure this relationship to most critics, although men like Professor Edwin B. Holt have been quick to recognize it.

Nevertheless Mr. Tansley is justified in the use of his title in so far as he has made a serious attempt with the material at his command to give us a picture of the human personality as a whole. His conception of the individual psychology is squarely based upon the acceptance of the doctrine of psychic determination and of the derivation of the springs of all human actions from instinctive sources. He is therefore obliged to give over a large part of his book to a general survey of the Freudian theories. Here he is both readable and clear and steers a middle course between the Freudian enthusiast and the Freudian critic who approaches Freud with a pair of rubber gloves. His graphic method of presenting the interaction between consciousness and the unconscious in convenient spatial diagrams is very helpful as long as the reader guards himself against taking them too literally. A rigid spatial arrangement of the mind is as absurd as a photograph of the soul and puts an end to all psychological understanding. Of this difficulty Mr. Tansley is, of course, fully aware.

The step from Freud's concrete and minute details of the individual psychology to the confident generalizations of Dr. McDougall is a difficult one and it is not altogether Mr. Tansley's fault if he has taken this less successfully. The gap is a real one and has not yet been bridged. The mental phenomena of a large group, as of a society or a nation, can be studied only by an extension of the method of individual psychology based upon the assumption that essentially the same unconscious is common to all the members of the group. But the gap can also be bridged to some extent from the other end by a careful extension of the theory of herd instinct as originally developed by Mr. Trotter. Man as we know him is biologically a herd animal even when isolated in a given situation, and he acts accordingly. The reactions of a herd are therefore merely the sum of the reactions of the individuals composing the herd, so that we can save ourselves much confusion by dropping most of the claptrap of social psychology. Man is a social animal, but the society in which he moves is of his own making.

ALFRED BOOTH KUTTNER.

HIS NOT TO REASON WHY.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS met so many of the right people during his stay among us that it is curious he should have learned anything whatever about America. He appears to have been entertained by our super-consumers in their smart suburbs, their town palaces and their gilded hotels, and he became a guest at their 100-per-cent clubs, including the favourite habitat of Mr. Archibald Stevenson. These associations were probably inevitable, for while Mr. Gibbs won his reputation as a war correspondent honestly enough by his graphic dispatches from the battlefields, he became Sir Philip Gibbs and the darling of the best people because of the nice discretion with which he refrained

from giving the whole truth about their particular war.

With such a background, then, it is not unnatural to find Sir Philip's book occupied largely with the conventional admirations of the casual European for the physical conveniences of our civilization, with the regulation amazements about wonder cities and their subways and skylines and palaces and bejewelled parasites. There is also a great deal of slaver about our holy crusade to preserve civilization.

"Hard business men," Sir Philip says, "gave away their dollars in bundles, denied themselves at meal-time so that Europe should be fed, tried by some little sacrifice to share the spirit of those who made the offer of their lives." When we think of how exceedingly well some of our hard business men feathered their nests in the emergency by patriotically plucking the rest of us, it is difficult to believe he is not writing in irony. But Sir Philip is entirely innocent of this. His thought moves with the simple directness of the soldier. His not to reason why.

"People of Destiny" is the name he gives us, and thus again he manifestly says the acceptable thing. It is doubtless an appropriate phrase, too, though somehow the author fails to authenticate it, despite his constant reiteration that we are destined to assume the leadership of the world—except, of course, in naval matters; here, he delicately hints, it would be unwise for us to be too ambitious. He pictures the typical American, truly enough, as a kindly, home-loving, simple person, intellectually inclined to intolerance, somewhat dismayed at America's unexpected plunge into world affairs, and, Sir Philip might have added, into debt. But there is nothing in such a characterization to suggest world leadership, nor is there in any of the American portraits he gives us, whether individual or composite. Certainly there is nothing in President Wilson's righteousness or in the plaintively mediocre record of our President-elect to suggest that in a political sense at any rate we are equipped for such leadership, and the steady aversion of our leading financiers to the study of fundamental economics, particularly in so far as they relate to the general well-being, scarcely denotes that they are likely to illuminate the future of the world.

But Sir Philip has great faith in us because "the spirit of the American people is essentially and unalterably democratic."

The influence of America [he cheerfully prophesies] will be the determining power in the settlement of Ireland on a basis of common sense, free from the silly old fetiches of historical enmities on both sides. It will intervene to give a chance of life to the German race after they have paid the forfeit of their guilt in the last war. . . . Instinctively, rather than intellectually, Americans will act in behalf of democratic rights against autocratic plots. They will not allow the Russian people to be hounded back to the heels of grand dukes and under the lash of the knout. They will give their support to the League of Nations, not as a machinery to stifle popular progress by a combination of governments, but as a court for the reform of international law and the safeguarding of industry.

If Sir Philip had had the opportunity while he was here to devote a few minutes to the study of our actual political arrangements, he would know that the American people have as much control over the conduct of their foreign relations as a squad of doughboys have over the strategic plans of the General Staff. Instead of seeking to become "a determining power in the settlement of Ireland," our Government elects to look serenely the other way while Sir Hamar Greenwood's bashibazouks spread murder and arson and robbery through the length and breadth of Ireland. If the American Government has interposed in any way to save the German people from destruction at the rapacious hands of their imperialist conquerors, the matter has been shrouded in the darkest secrecy. If there is any place on earth where the State Department has acted "in behalf of democratic rights as against autocratic plots" it is to be hoped that we shall

¹"People of Destiny." Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper & Brothers.

soon hear about it. We know that in Hungary, in Poland, in the Russian border states and elsewhere millions of American money has been squandered to keep the world safe for junker landlords and other privileged groups. As for Russia, the American Government directly and indirectly has backed up every attempt from Keladin to Wrangel to restore the Romanovs and the knout, and as for the League of Nations, though the American people have just repudiated by a crushing vote this attempt to make them the financial guarantors of international imperialism, it is not unlikely that, within the next few months, they will find themselves firmly enmeshed in something of the kind, disguised perhaps as an international knitting society.

We are sorry Sir Philip Gibbs was not better equipped to analyse more thoroughly the reasons why we have become "a people of destiny." We suspect that he would have found the answer to lie in the fact that the war has left America's dominant banking groups in control of more of the world's wealth than is now controlled by the groups in other countries, that our bankers hold the bag, so to speak, and are inevitably prepared to finance foreign governments—at a price—and to acquire the control and development of natural resources in foreign countries, and that, if all does not go well for them, they have available as collection agents an army of several million American boys, ready to proceed with tanks, poison-gas, bombing-planes, flame-throwers and other appeals to reason, as soon as the newspapers and the pulpits and the schools and the press-agents have sent forth the fiery cross in the name of patriotism. For, alas, Sir Philip is right. A People of Destiny we have become, through no fault of our own. And it will require all the conscience and all the intelligence we common Americans possess to keep our imperialists from dragging us into the rôle from which imperial Germany has been displaced.

HAROLD KELLOCK.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THE difference between our own Frank Cranes and Elbert Hubbards and those of China and Hindustan is about as marked as the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, if one is to judge by the rhymed bookful of Oriental samples which has been compiled by Mr. Arthur Guiterman. "Chips of Jade," which includes a number of the sayings previously published under the title of "Betel Nuts," is an assortment of shrewd aphorisms—the thumb-nail wisdom of the market-place. The amount of exhilaration which may be obtained from a book of mottoes is rather less than half of one per cent, and even the knowledge that the present compilation has an Oriental origin is not in itself calculated to intoxicate the reader. After all, a jingle is only a jingle, and "Chips of Jade" is but the small change of philosophy.

L. B.

To set about a description of England after the war requires a cheerful courage which is evidently the possession of Mr. Frank Dilnot.² But Mr. Dilnot disclaims in his foreword what his publishers claim for him on the cover, that the description is complete. He aims merely at giving snapshots of the shifting scenes of the moment. He touches on almost everything, social, political, financial, economic, and if he is not profound nor subtle nor concise, he is never dull and seldom altogether commonplace. Whether he is describing the kind of blouse and skirt the women of England wear—and commending it—or discussing the demands of labour and the future governance of England, Mr. Dilnot is equally bright and breezy. Like the practised journalist that he is, he can turn his pen to any topic and make it travel fast. Towards the end of his book he devotes two or three chapters to vivid thumb-nail sketches of one of his heroes, Mr. Lloyd George, and to various other leading personalities of English public life.

C. R. H.

THE opening of the theatrical season in the bookshops—for now the publishers are beginning to reflect the course of the American stage, and to reflect it rather more flatteringly than do the managers—brings us two evidences of dramatic

activity in yet a third field, the university. "Harvard Plays: Second Series"¹ testifies to the writing and production of plays in Cambridge under the direction of Professor George Pierce Baker, while "Modern American Plays,"² collected and edited by the Professor himself, may stand as his extramural contribution to the series of anthologies of modern plays which have followed Professor Thomas H. Dickinson's first and best volume, "Chief Contemporary Dramatists." Perhaps the *réclame* with which Professor Baker's painstaking work has been saluted, may be blamed for the sense of disappointment that these two volumes produce. Professor Baker has worked earnestly, unostentatiously, and with only one failing, a somewhat lively fear of being academic. It is this fear and its complement, a desire to prove practically useful, that doubtless led to the inclusion of three such ordinary playlets as those which share with Mr. Kenneth Raisbeck's vivid and effective Renaissance melodrama, "Torches," the pages of this second series of Harvard plays. Here both the literary and the dramatic standards are held too low, all for the mere hope of supplying our little theatres with more of the short-breathed mediocrity of which they already have too much. The book includes Mr. Augustus Thomas's over-intricate thesis-play, "As a Man Thinks," Mr. David Belasco's interesting but not distinguished drama of spiritism, "The Return of Peter Grimm," Mr. Edward Sheldon's best play, "Romance," Mr. Louis Anspacher's somewhat stiff comedy, "The Unchastened Woman," and the amusing but most inconsequential burlesque, "Plots and Playwrights," which Mr. Edward Massey wrote under Professor Baker's tutelage. Most decidedly, these are not the measure of American drama. They are just five American plays. The fact that three of them are now out of print, and that a stout volume of plays is always a pleasant companion, more than justifies "Modern American Plays." But when a man has done what Professor Baker has done at Harvard, it is disappointing to find him fathering so trivial a venture as the collecting of these five dramas into a single volume.

K. M.

A FEW years ago the nation was watching the long struggle of two hunger strikers in New York with the same intent interest that was recently directed upon Mayor MacSwiney in London. The rebels of those days were Mrs. Margaret Sanger and her sister, Miss Ethel Byrne. These two women, trained nurses both, had been arrested on the charge of violating the obscenity law because, at a free clinic maintained at their own expense in a poor working-class district of the city, they had been instructing working-women in scientific methods of avoiding conception. Arraigned before the magistrate, Mrs. Sanger and Miss Byrne did not deny that they had broken the law, indeed they asserted with vigour that they had deliberately defied the law, and gave their reasons for so doing with great particularity. They were accordingly found guilty and given a small fine, which they refused to pay—and so there followed gaol, hunger-strike and at last, release. But the protest had its desired and designed effect, public attention had been drawn to the whole question of birth-control and to the attitude of our laws on the subject, and the demand for reform became an organized movement. In "Woman and the New Race"³ Mrs. Sanger has tried to explain the nature of the power that impelled her and her sister to suffer the pains of imprisonment and starvation. This power she calls "the feminine spirit," and in it she sees the impulse that has caused certain women from the beginning of time to seek means of avoiding involuntary maternity in favour of other forms of self-expression. According to Mrs. Sanger, this feminine spirit, "the absolute, elemental, inner urge of womanhood," is the strongest force in woman's nature, and holds within it all her greatest possibilities. Will society recognize this force, asks Mrs. Sanger, and, by permitting women to exercise control over their own reproductivity, set it free to work for the upbuilding of the human race; or will society either hold this force in bondage or drive it into other channels leading to violence and destruction? Mrs. Sanger is an optimist; she believes that women, acting together, will eventually succeed in repealing all restrictive legislation on the subject of birth-control; that they will influence the medical profession to discover new and better contraceptives; and that then, possessed of full control over their fertility, they will set about their great task of remaking the world.

F. M.

¹ "Harvard Plays: Second Series." New York. Brentano's.

² "Modern American Plays." Collected by George P. Baker. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

³ "Woman and the New Race." Margaret Sanger. New York: Brentano's.

¹ "Chips of Jade." Rhymed in English by Arthur Guiterman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

² "England After the War." Frank Dilnot. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

It is odd, as one looks back at Robert Ingersoll, as one considers the sensational legend of his career and the great, jagged hole he was thought to have cut in the American consciousness, to find how dim the outline of his personality has grown, how he melts into the background of his age. One often thinks of the complacent homogeneity of our national consciousness as resembling a rubber ball that imperturbably rounds itself out again after every dent. Ingersoll's dent has been absorbed in this way: the great Freethinker has left behind him no visible heritage of free thought. Is it perhaps because he was not really a free thinker at all, because there is a profound difference between free thought in the ordinary sense and Free Thought as a profession? Ingersoll seems to-day to fit as cosily into the orthodox American scheme as any of the other worthies of his time, Beecher, for example, or Barnum. One might easily confuse him with Beecher.

WHY this is so, one quickly discovers from a glance through the "Fifty Great Selections" from Ingersoll, just published in New York by Mr. C. P. Farrell. There we find, of course, all the stock themes of the Freethinkers: What Infidels Have Done, Bruno, The Foundations of Faith, the Church in the Time of Voltaire. What we do not find is a personal style, a critical view of life, a detachment from everyday preoccupations—in short, all that characterizes free thinking. Substitute a few words (surprisingly few), change the titles, and you could imagine you were reading a quite ordinary collection of Unitarian sermons. The impetus is not intellectual but emotional, and the attitudes are those not of an individual but of the evangelical preacher as a type, of a lawyer as a type, of the husband and father as a type, and always of the typical orator. The "silver tongue" carries you along, but it is a sort of generic silver tongue: one has heard others like it. It does not speak to the individual because it does not proceed from an individual. And so it can not, in the strict sense, stimulate one to think, either freely or otherwise.

For there is only one way to make people think, and that is to arouse them as individuals. Ingersoll had his one queer, unorthodox streak—he had got his Calvinism turned inside out and attributed the original sin to the priests instead of to the people; but otherwise he seems to have been just an uncommonly vigorous, honest, kind-hearted, liberal-minded, intelligent and opinionated everyday citizen. His ways were the ways of the folk; and that being so, he could not arouse the individual because, in the very moment when he was venting his one heresy, he was venting all the other orthodoxies and putting the intellect to sleep in the act of challenging it. If he turned his back on the Church, it was only to accept the Republican party as a religion: in his "Indianapolis Speech" he anathematizes the Democrats with all the fury of a mediæval pope. Similarly, the anti-militarist implications of his gospel grew very dim in his mind when the presence of fellow-veterans and the opportunity for a meteoric flight, as people used to say, reminded him of the "grand, wild music of war." Did he stimulate thought in regard to the national life? "We have covered this nation," he says of his party, "with wealth, with glory, and with liberty. . . . We have the first free government that ever existed." Did he stimulate thought in regard to domestic life? "I hold in utter contempt," he says, "the opinions of those long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage." In short, as we can see, Ingersoll was thoroughly "sound." There is no reason at all why a citizen should not regard his age and his country and the institutions of his age and country as approaching very closely the perfection of the ideal. Only, to do so, and to express one's satisfaction in flights of oratory, is not to make people think. Ingersoll's atheism was bound up, just like the Ecclesiasticism it attacked, with all the normal prepossessions of the herd.

THAT is why, as it appears, although he was always talking of "intellectual development" and advocating it as the way of life, Ingersoll can hardly be said to have promoted it. He asserted the common man's "right" to a free mind in speculative matters, ignoring the fact that no one in modern society is effectively able to deny it. In Voltaire's day, to attack priests was to attack a legalized tyranny. A century later, as the European successors of Voltaire saw, man could have his free mind for the asking; it had ceased to be significant to assert the right to freedom; what had become significant for criticism was to suggest incentives to freedom, to present freedom not as a right but as an interest. Renan and Arnold, for example, showed how the mind might avail itself even of the history of dogma as an interest of the richest sort. In other words, to create, by the spread of general culture, positive channels for the spirit had become the function of criticism; for, having these channels, the spirit, as it were automatically, liberates itself. Ingersoll, because of the poverty of his culture, was incapable of this. He could deny but he could not affirm; or rather, what he was able to affirm was just the complex of the common, tribal tastes and attitudes of the society in which he lived. One is perhaps justified in deducing his general æsthetic status from these words on one of the arts: "The stage brings solace to the wounded, peace to the troubled, and with the wizard's wand touches the tears of grief and they are changed to the smiles of joy. . . . When the villain fails and the right triumphs, the trials and the griefs of life for the moment fade away." There we have the t. b. m. to the life. One hardly needs to point out that such an attitude could never be an incentive to anybody's liberation.

It is vain to "reason" with people about their beliefs: it is vain to present them with "evidence." Unless you are able to give them a new and more vital interest to take the place of the one they have, they will revert to type and to custom five minutes after the silver tongue ceases to enthral them, or lapse into a sullen passivity that lacks even the leaven of a vigorous superstition. Merely to disbelieve is no more essentially critical than uncritical belief. One can see, perhaps, in the effect he had on Mark Twain, how Ingersoll's preaching actually worked out. Mark Twain, like many of the Americans of his generation, a thorough-going sceptic as regards the dogmas of evangelical Protestantism, made a pretence of accepting them in order to please his wife. Naturally, therefore, he found that Ingersoll's books "contented and satisfied" him, as he said, "to a miracle." Did they in any way contribute to liberate him? They merely served as an escape-valve for the hatred he had stored up in himself against these beliefs; they never suggested to him the desirability of making his own escape. In this must have lain the secret of Ingersoll's general influence and popularity: like Mark Twain's humour, in another way, this atheism, by affording an outlet for the repressions of the American environment, helped the individual to live at peace with it. But by doing so, far from giving him the courage of his individuality, it enabled him to evade the responsibility of being himself; which only goes to show how a good custom can corrupt the world. Free Thought as an obstacle to free thinking! What would Voltaire have said if he had foreseen that?

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Letters of William James," edited by his son, William James. 2 vols. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

"The Outline of History," by H. G. Wells. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"On the Art of Reading," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Golden Book of Springfield," by Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Hunger," by Knut Hamsun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

S. P. U. G.

An explanation—and a special offer.

A FEW years ago at holiday time there was a “movement,” (lovely adaptable word!) that found expression in the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, and its devotees were pledged not to buy such perfunctory gifts as have made generations of recipients miserable.

It didn’t last. Modern business would get a body-blow if people were to buy merely for use or because of beauty. Our questionable system of production, as revealed by an objective study of current advertising, arises out of the impulse to discover new ways of getting money. One scarcely expects manufacturers to be altruists, yet it is interesting to consider that if business men gave thought to the well-being of society there would be no such feverish rush to make and sell goods for which there is no real need or desire and for which a demand must be created by advertising.

Besides the goods that we are hypnotized into buying by clever publicity, there are the time-honoured silver-plated nut-picks, mounted cigar-cases, paper-weights with calendars, paper-knives with the Statue of Liberty as a handle, etc., that we give to people who groan at having the stuff around the house and at having to seem grateful.

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